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The Student Left

Revolt Without Dogma

Jack Newfield

BEHIND THE CRIME SCARE

George Shadoan

THE GREAT SOCIETY: AN OLD NEW DEAL

Stephen W. Rousseas

BE WEAK AND WIN

A Review by Stephen Potter

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LETTERS

No check from Iran

Akron, O.

Dear Sirs: You can be sure that I was interested in the lead article in *The Nation* of April 12, entitled "The Billion-Dollar Mystery." I must say I was astounded to read my name in the article and in connection with a check alleged to have been drawn in my name.

I would have supposed that before making a reference to me in such a connection in your article you would have endeavored to check with me any information I might have had about this matter.

I can assure you that at no time have I ever received a check in the amount stated or in any other amount from either His Imperial Majesty, the King of Iran, from any member of his family, from the Pahlavi Foundation or, to the best of my recollection, from anyone at all in Iran.

The implication contained in this article as it affects The B. F. Goodrich Company and myself personally is totally without any foundation.

J. W. Keener, President
The B. F. Goodrich Company

Among the missing

Pittstown, N. J.

Dear Sirs: The good review in *The Nation* [Apr. 5] of that excellent and beautiful book, *Rebel Voices: An I.W.W. Anthology*, prompts one question. Howard Zinn tells us that a "half century separates the I.W.W. from the militant wing of the civil rights movement today, but the parallels are striking." Yes, but where is the AFL-CIO when men and women are jailed, mercilessly beaten and murdered in their struggle for elementary human rights?

Joseph Pass

Du Bois on Reconstruction

West Cornwall, Conn.

Dear Sirs: How can anyone write a two-and-a-half-page review ["The Carpetbagger's New Clothes" by Bernard A. Weisberger, *The Nation*, Apr. 26] of Kenneth Stampp's reconstruction of the Reconstruction story without a single reference to Dr. W.E.B. Du Bois, whose *Black Reconstruction*, first published in 1935, was the pioneer work of a whole school of historians?

Dr. Du Bois was bitter, and he had a gift for antagonism. But neither James Baldwin nor Ralph Ellison nor any other colored writer in America has ever matched the eloquent poetic fire of his prose at its best; and no Negro historian has matched him either in style or in the patient bread-and-butter research that revives history. Nor has any historian of any color done more to recover for a new generation the bitter realities of the Reconstruction period. . . .

At different times Dr. Du Bois took different positions, and it was never easy to work with him. But he should not be remembered only in the vagaries of his old age. I can still recall the impact his *Souls of Black Folk* had on me as a high school boy, more than sixty years ago, and to reread it is still an emotional and enlightening experience. Nor can one, having read it, easily forget the account, in *Darkwater* (1920) of his forebears, ending: "So . . . having finally got myself born, with a flood of Negro blood, a strain of French, a bit of Dutch, but, thank God! no Anglo-Saxon! . . ."

Lewis Gannett

SOS

Lawrence, Kan.

Dear Sirs: To Friedrich Jaeger, the German who wants to know about Vietnam [letter in *The Nation*, Apr. 26]: In my opinion our society is showing symptoms of madness that Germany had in 1930. Please advise a remedy—send us foreign aid.

G. Kennedy

Drippin' wet

Trondheim, Norway

Dear Sirs: In order to understand a phenomenon, scientists try to deduce a mathematical model from which the behavior of the underlying physical process can be predicted. . . . I submit a quote and the poem which it inspired.

If one were to speculate on a mathematical model which could explain man's lack of communication with his fellow man, then picture not one but each of us, naked and wet in a tinny shower—screaming and listening through the water and the walls to another shower's garbled reply which damply reverberates about the next outgoing message. *L. Sterling, 1964*

Shower's hot
Shower's cold
Life goes on
Gettin' old

Drippin' wet
Venom too
'n hardly wait
'til shower's through.

Paul Alper
The Technical University of Norway

THE NATION

Monday, May 10, 1965
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'Come, Let Us Reason Together'

President Johnson should call his oft-repeated injunction to the attention of Secretary Rusk, and he should try to act in accordance with it himself. It is one thing to mouth good maxims, quite another to put them into practice.

In a speech before the American Society of International Law, Secretary Rusk wondered "at the gullibility of educated men and the stubborn disregard of plain facts by men who are supposed to be helping our young to learn—especially to learn how to think." At the same time the State Department, in the face of widespread protests against American policy in Vietnam, launched a program to teach American intellectuals, professors, columnists and Senators to think. Not, however, to think in accordance with the dictates of their own minds and hearts or to engage in open and uninhibited debate; what is desired, rather, is a high-fidelity reproduction of Administration thinking.

At his televised press conference of April 27, the President disavowed name-calling, but he began the session with a statement which was the most self-righteous and repressive of all his pronouncements on Vietnam. So far he has successfully squelched any meaningful debate on the subject in Congress. The lid is on, and it will be pressed down with all the force available to a government at war which nevertheless refuses to admit that it is at war, or that its policy has been radically changed by the prospect of defeat in South Vietnam, and the resort to bombing in the North.

The President and Mr. Rusk do not need to worry about the rank and file of the citizens. Once the shooting starts, they can be relied on to support the President; and the more the shooting, the more vociferous will be their support. What the Administration is worried about is the opposition of the thoughtful, whether in the Senate or the universities or the press. Every attempt is made to cajole, to persuade and to intimidate. In the Senate, Morse and Gruening have been written off as irredeemable. Others are under constant pressure to conform. For the present this pressure, when it extends beyond the confines of the Congress, is still parliamentary, but it will not remain so. In all the wars of the past, the opposition has been stigmatized, first as merely uninformed and stupid, then as disloyal. A government that has taken the wrong road finds it easier to call its opponents traitors than to turn back.

It is a particularly strange role for Mr. Rusk, whose previous career was largely, in a broad sense, that of an educator. Perhaps, in his present position, he must close his own mind against the possibility that he and his boss may be wrong, but he cannot expect other Americans to close their minds and lap up such swill as that which composed the bulk of the State Department's White Paper in justification of the extension of the war to the North. It is not a patriotic duty to bow before what Walt Whitman called "the insolence of elected persons," nor before the intolerance of Cabinet officers either. It *is* a patriotic duty to oppose the small war which is now funneling into a great war in Asia, and which may engulf the globe. "My President," Mr. Goldwater now declaims, "has done the right thing in the right way" in Vietnam. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Rusk should be as much concerned about the praise of their new-found friend as about the censure from their opponents.

The Proving Ground

In March, the Associated Press protested that "news restrictions imposed by the Pentagon raise serious questions as to whether the American people will be able to get a true picture of the war in Vietnam." Within the Pentagon, however, and in the combat zones of Vietnam, plenty of information is being obtained. It is technological information, the kind which will be useful in fighting the increasingly technological wars of the future. The men who are doing the fighting, and whose experiences furnish the vital data, are mainly a professional lot. "Almost all," reports Richard Fryklund in the Washington *Star*, "are professional military men who volunteered for the duty." In fact, the Army has more volunteers than it has vacancies. "Vietnam," *Time* reports, "is a place for the career men, the highly trained specialists." Out of 15,000 Army personnel, about 5,000 are commissioned. Lt. Col. "Robbie" Risner, commander of the 67th ("Fighting Cock") Tactical Fighter Squadron, has been flying combat aircraft for twenty-two years, had eight MIGs to his credit in Korea, and has led eighteen F-105 missions against North Vietnam. He believes in God and considers himself "the luckiest man in the world to do what I'm doing."

For the planners, the Risners are raw material, as the Vietnamese in the countryside are raw material for the Risners. Back in the think factories, some bad news is being cranked into the computers. After something like a trillion dollars has been spent on war preparations since World War II, the piddling Vietnamese war has suddenly brought on a shortage in aircraft. This is not altogether unwelcome, however. The Air Force and Navy are reported to be contemplating accelerated purchase of a few hundred each of the Lockheed F-104 Starfighter, the McDonnell F-4 Phantom 2 and the Northrop F-5 Freedom Fighter. Since modern fighter-bombers run to a couple of million dollars apiece and up, this might amount to a billion or two of business for the aircraft manufac-

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turers and a welcome fillip to our speeding economy.

The cheerful Pentagon reports that our losses, at all levels, have been "light." True, 349 Americans have died in combat, but statistically the picture is sunny. In the 448,565 combat missions flown by Army helicopters from January 1, 1962, until December 1, 1964, there was only one loss for every 16,013 missions. Further, according to Mr. Fryklund, the operation can be made to appear inexpensive since U.S. military actions in Vietnam are being financed out of Defense Department contingency funds. "The cost in money," he reports, "compared with goals, is light."

The new aircraft which should soon be coming off the assembly lines are expected to wreak havoc with the "enemy" or enemies, but thus far supersonic aircraft are not performing miracles in Vietnam. Two of four F-105s were downed by four old MIGs on April 4. This was a case of Air Force overconfidence —the F-105s, fully loaded, were orbiting over the target, not expecting anyone to bother them—still it is not a good augury. Some critics question the wisdom of sending huge squadrons of multimillion-dollar jet fighters against hundred-thousand-dollar bridges. "It is difficult for me to understand," Sen. George Aiken told his colleagues on April 21, "what our Armed Forces . . . are thinking of when they send 200 planes to blow up a bridge. Is it simply braggadocio, our way of saying that this is what we are doing as an example, and it is nothing at all to what we will do if these people of North Vietnam do not yield . . .? Instead of capitulating they seem to be consumed by greater hatred for the United States."

The chief accomplishment of the Air Force in twelve weeks of bombing North Vietnam has been the destruction of twenty-four bridges. Both equipment and personnel have been tested in action, and that is no doubt part of the larger calculation. But by a nonmilitary calculus, the cost is not light: a life is a life, Vietnamese or American, and not assimilable in a balance sheet. Nor will the example of this wanton experimental destructiveness, even if the prime targets are bridges made of concrete and steel, kindle enthusiasm in Asia for the values we profess.

How To Get Good Medical Care

Last week's issue of *The Nation* was devoted to the conflict of goals among physicians, patients and society. Since then the second installment of the so-called Trussell Report has appeared. It is based on a study directed by Dr. Mildred A. Morehead, who is the wife of Dr. Ray E. Trussell, Commissioner of Health of the City of New York; the sponsoring institutions are Columbia University's School of Public Health and Administrative Medicine, Montefiore Hospital and Teamsters Joint Council 16, which paid $55,000 for the research and, in a melancholy sense, got good value for its money.

The report is a shocker. Of 430 admissions to 98 New York hospitals, selected at random from Blue Cross files, less than "optimal" treatment was received in 43 per cent of the cases. Numerous examples of unwarranted surgery were uncovered, as well as flagrantly incorrect diagnosis, bizarre therapy and other procedures which would shame a plumber or TV service man who made equivalent errors in his trade. The gravest problems exist for children; only two out of five received optimal care. And this was in the city with the world's foremost teaching hospitals and a high doctor-patient ratio. In a less favored area, the results would probably have been even more disturbing.

If you select a doctor in the ordinary way, because a friend knows him or you hear about him at a bridge game, or his office is conveniently located, your chance of getting decent service and skill is about 50-50.

If you live in a community with a teaching hospital and go to an internist connected with that hospital, your chances will improve to the level of about 9 to 1. In general, the medically indigent in the wards of a teaching hospital get better care than private patients elsewhere. The improvements that have been made in a few decades in the great metropolitan general hospitals are a tribute to the skill, dedication and administrative powers of the medical faculties responsible. But even in the suburbs few hospitals are connected with universities, and standards vary greatly among the hospitals that are available.

A valuable compendium on the subject is Irving Block's *How To Get Good Medical Care* (Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 368, 25c from Public Affairs Pamphlets, 381 Park Ave. South, New York 10016). "Getting good medical care," Block sums up, "is more than an individual matter. It is an important social question that involves the awareness of citizens, the availability of doctors, the economics of hospital construction and organization. It should be a matter of concern to the entire community." That was also the burden of our special issue, and it points to a situation about which there is still far too much complacency on the part of many physicians and too much ignorance among the laity.

Sex at Selma

From its inception the civil rights movement has presented bigots, racists and reactionaries with a serious tactical problem: how can it be effectively smeared? The movement is nonviolent, the leadership has been largely religious, and most of the support has come from religious groups. The history of the movement shows that it was not fostered by any of the "fringe" parties of the Left. Moreover, the movement speaks in the American idiom; its attachment to the Constitution is self-evident; it addresses its appeal, often with Biblical overtones, to the American conscience. Even so, opponents of the movement were certain to make the smear attempt. Rep. William L. Dickinson (R., Ala.) has in two speeches (March 30 and April 27) leveled the charge of sexual immorality at the Selma marchers. He is colorful and commend-

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ably frank about his purpose. "I have attacked the conduct of many of the participants," he told his colleagues, "for several reasons, one of which is to rip away the façade of righteousness, smugness and respectability erroneously attributed to them, which allowed them to invade my home town and my state like a swarm of rats leaving an overturned hayrick."

Eight clergymen and a Catholic nun promptly called a press conference in Washington to refute the charges. Sister Mary Leoline, B.V.M., of Kansas City, said she found the conduct of the marchers beyond reproach. Letters from clergymen of all faiths, from all regions, have been pouring in to their Representatives, who obligingly place them in the *Congressional Record*. In the face of this avalanche of protest, the attempt to sling mud has backfired. But this will not stop the campaign to discredit the civil rights movement. The most likely next step will be to split the movement. Informers will be used; plants, masquerading as supermilitants, are doubtless at work even now. Every effort will be made to isolate the movement by pushing it out of the mainstream of American protest. At the same time, renewed attempts will be made to keep civil rights within the American consensus, to tame and discipline it. In fact, its momentum may be more impeded by the attempt to domesticate it than by the attempt to smear it. Fortunately, the movement has so deeply stirred the conscience of the nation (see articles by George B. Leonard, p. 502, and Jack Newfield, p. 491, this issue) that neither effort is likely to succeed.

What Time Have You Got?

On Sunday, April 25, some 100 million Americans in twenty states advanced their clocks, thereby gaining a daily hour of light until the clocks are turned back on the last Sunday in October. But as the Transportation Association of America points out, these 100 million Americans were out of step with the other 80 million Americans who either shifted to D.S.T. at other times (or haven't shifted yet but intend to when they are good and ready), and that segment which remains on what the farmers call "God's time." There is nothing divine about standard time, actually. The existing time zones were set up in 1883 by the railroads, whose conduct, in that era, was anything but godly in some cases. Prior to that sensible innovation, there were some 100 railroad "standard" times —eight different ones in Pittsburgh alone.

In 1918, Congress passed legislation making the railroad time zones official and charging the Interstate Commerce Commission with settling boundary disputes. The ICC still holds this authority, but daylight saving, of which most Americans approve, has thrown U.S. timekeeping into confusion. Atomic clocks can now divide one second into 100 billion precisely equal parts. Time-measuring devices can be set so exactly that two of them would diverge not more than one second in 5,000 years. Yet, according to Dr. William Markowitz of the U.S. Naval Observatory, the United States remains "the world's worst timekeeper."

It is a case of a good principle leading to a bad result. Americans treasure local option in all things, but when it comes to time, uniformity is more important than local whims. No one wants to force daylight-saving time on communities which do not desire it, but at least those that do could agree on uniform starting and ending dates. A bill before the Senate Commerce Committee, S. 1404, would make the last Sunday of April and the last Sunday of October mandatory for the transitions. If that is accomplished, perhaps in the distant future daylight-saving time or standard time can be made state-wide propositions. It would eliminate the untold confusion that now afflicts the railroads, the airlines, the telephone companies and a great many innocent users of these facilities.

Revolt Without Dogma

THE STUDENT LEFT . . . . . Jack Newfield

The first one now will be the last
for the times they are a changin'.
Bob Dylan

A new generation of radicals has been spawned from the chrome womb of affluent America. Any lingering doubts about this evaporated last month when 20,000 of the new breed pilgrimaged to Washington, D.C., to demand a negotiated peace in Vietnam.

These were the boys and girls who freedom-rode to Jackson; who rioted against HUAC; who vigiled for Caryl Chessman; who picketed against the Bomb; who invaded Mississippi last summer; and who turned Berkeley into an academic Selma. They are a new generation of dissenters, nourished not by Marx, Trotsky, Stalin or Schachtman but by Camus, Paul Goodman, Bob Dylan and SNCC—the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee.

Their revolt is not only against capitalism but against the values of middle-class America: hypocrisy called Brotherhood Week; assembly lines called colleges; conformity called status; bad taste called Camp, and quiet desperation called success.

At the climax of the Washington march, arms linked and singing *We Shall Overcome*, were the veterans of the Berkeley Free Speech Movement, freshmen from small Catholic colleges, clean-shaven in-

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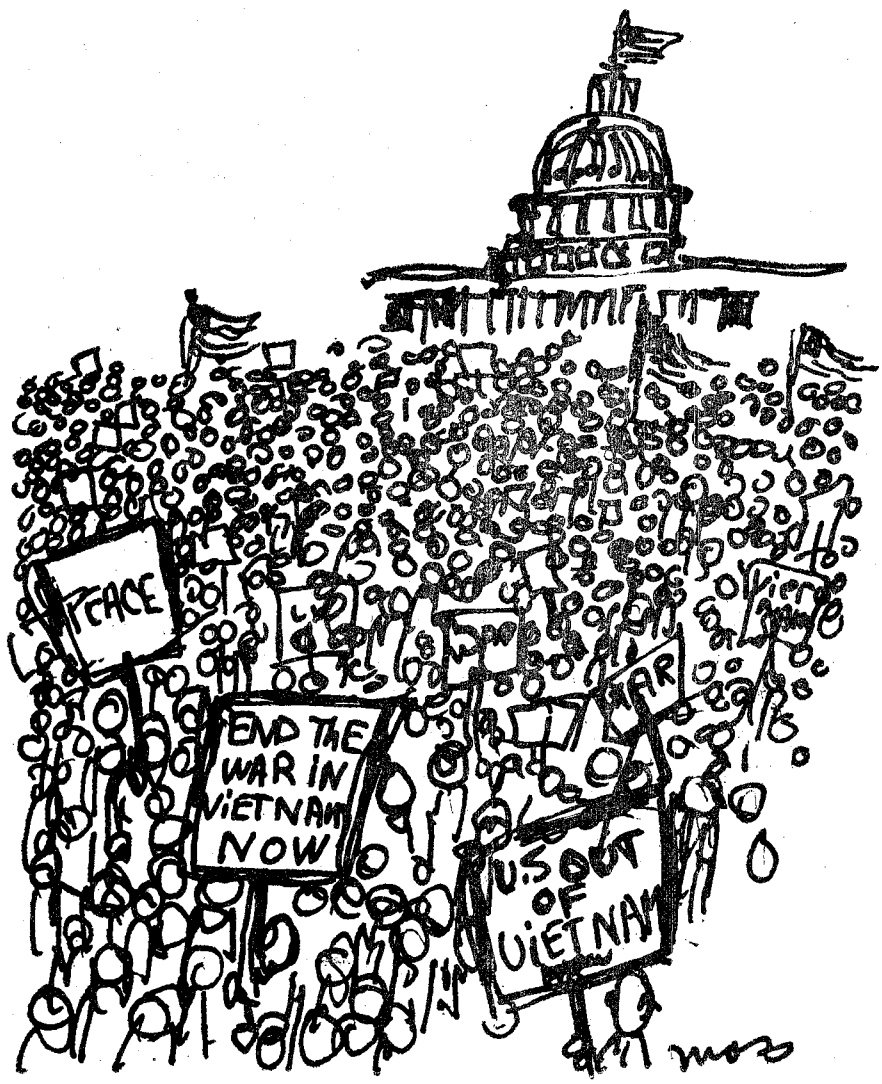
tellectuals from Ann Arbor and Cambridge, the fatigued shock troops of SNCC, Iowa farmers, impoverished urban Negroes organized by Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), beautiful high school girls without make-up, and adults, many of them faculty members, who journeyed to Washington for a demonstration conceived and organized by students.

During the rally they heard the visionary voices of the new radicalism: Staughton Lynd, a young professor at Yale, who explained why he wasn't paying his income tax this year; Paul Potter, the brilliant president of SDS, who told them they must construct a social movement that will "change our condition"; Bob Parris, the poet-revolutionary of SNCC, who urged: "Don't use the South as a moral lightning rod; use it as a looking glass to see what it tells you about the whole country." And there were Joan Baez and Judy Collins to sing the poems of Bob Dylan.

This is literally a New Left—in style, mystique, momentum, tactics and vision. As Potter said in Washington: "The reason there are 20,000 of us here today is that five years ago a social movement was begun by students in the South." The two other major student groups of the New Left—SDS and the Northern Student Movement (NSM)—have no roots in the organizations and dogmas of the 1930s. The student groups affiliated with the old sects — Communist, Trotskyist and Socialist—remain small and isolated and are seen by the New Left as elitist, doctrinaire and manipulative. The enthusiasts of SNCC and SDS do not engage in sterile, neurotic debates over Kronstadt or the pinpoints of Marxist doctrine. They are thoroughly indigenous radicals: tough, democratic, independent, creative, activist, unsentimental.

Many of the new dissenters are philosophy students, like Bob Parris and Berkeley's Mario Savio, rather than economics and political science students. Their deepest concerns seem to be human freedom and expression. Their favorite song is *Do When the Spirit Say Do*, and their favorite slogan is, "One Man, One Vote." One phrase that they use a great deal is "participatory democracy," and they sing a chorus of *Oh Freedom* that says "no more leaders over me." At a SNCC-SDS organizers' institute on the eve of the Washington march, the young revolutionaries wrote poetry on the walls.



During the 1950s, the only symptom of campus disquiet was the Beat orthodoxy of pot and passivity. The Beats sensed that something was wrong with the America of brinkmanship, payola and green stamps, but lacked the energy and seriousness to do anything about it. So they withdrew into their own antisocial, nonverbal subculture to read the "spontaneous bop prosody" of Jack Kerouac. The magazines—middle-brow and slick—of the late 1950s were glutted with sociological hand-wringing about campus catatonia and excessive student concern with home, job and marriage. The label "The Silent Generation" was pinned and it stuck.

Nobody signed petitions. "It might hurt you later on," explained students weaned on McCarthyism. In 1959, Clark Kerr, President of the University of California, wrote with prophetic irony: "The employers will love this generation; they are not going to press many grievances. . . . They are going to be easy to handle. There aren't going to be any riots."

Most of the new radicals date the birth of their movement from the first student lunch-counter sit-in at Greensboro, N. C., on February 1, 1960. In the days that followed, this pacifist tactic of nonviolent direct action, which was to become the hallmark of their rebellion, spread spontaneously throughout the middle South—to Nashville, to Raleigh, to Atlanta. During the 1960 Easter vacation, 300 young Negroes, plus a few whites, assembled on the campus of Shaw University at Raleigh to found the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee.

Roused by the first dramatic wave of sit-in demonstrations, students across the country turned to political action in the spring of 1960. Thousands marched on pick-

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ct lines for the first time in their lives, in front of Northern branches of Woolworth and Kress department stores. Outside San Quentin, hundreds made vigil in a chill drizzle to protest the execution of Caryl Chessman. In San Francisco, thousands engaged in a riot against hearings conducted by the House Committee on Un-American Activities. In New York City, several thousand high school and college students refused to take shelter during a mock city-wide air-raid drill.

What began as an ethical revolt against the immorality of segregation, war and the death penalty, grew slowly during the next few years and began to take on political and economic flesh. Spurred by Michael Harrington's *The Other America*, the student movement began to leave the campus to confront the economic roots of racism and poverty. Some went to Hazard, Ky., to work with striking coal miners; others abandoned graduate school and promising careers to join SNCC or work with SDS and the NSM in organizing the black ghettos of the North.

Today, SNCC stands as the first monument built by the New Left. From its improvised beginnings in a single dreary room in Atlanta, SNCC has grown up to have 260 full-time field secretaries in the South, who work for subsistence wages. SNCC has become a magnet, pulling the entire civil rights movement to the left, pushing the NAACP out of the courtroom and into the streets, and fortifying Martin Luther King's redemptive love with social vision. SNCC's first sit-ins compelled the Supreme Court to revolutionize its definition of private property. SNCC's fertile imagination has generated the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party (MFDP). And SNCC's special quality of nobility tinged with madness first cracked the tradition-laden surface of Mississippi to make it a national disgrace.

SNCC has also been the crucible of much of the evolving humanist-anarchist philosophy of the new radicals: the idea that people don't need leaders; grass-roots organizing among the very poor; Quaker-like communitarian democracy.

SNCC's Bob Parris is so much an exile from leadership that he dropped his well-publicized last name of Moses last February and left Mississippi, where he was the first SNCC worker, to go to Birmingham to "talk to my neighbors." Says Parris: "The people on the bottom don't need leaders at all. What they need is the confidence in their own worth and identity to make decisions about their own lives."

Jimmy Garrett, writing in SNCC's April newsletter, expanded on the theory of egalitarian leadership:

> *We are taught that it takes qualifications like college education, or "proper English" or "proper dress" to lead people. These leaders can go before the press and project a "good image" to the nation and to the world. But after a while the leaders can only talk to the press and not with the people. They can only talk about problems as they see them—not as the people see them. And they can't see the problems any more because they are always in news conferences, "high level" meetings or negotiations. So leaders speak on issues many times which do not relate to the needs of the people. . . .*

Within SNCC, which has no membership, only staff, a Quaker style of consent has evolved, whereby decisions are delayed until the dissenting minority is won over. Occasionally this method causes observers from traditional liberal organizations to despair of SNCC's anarchy and confusion.

As for mounting insinuations of Communist influence within SNCC, Garrett says:

> *Man, the Communists, they're empty man, empty. They've got the same stale ideas, the same bureaucracy. . . . When he gets mixed up with us, a Commie dies and a person develops. They're not subverting us, we're subverting them.*

Like most of the New Left, SNCC is a-Communist rather than anti-Communist or pro-Communist.

Though less well known than SNCC, Students for a Democratic Society appears to be the most influential New Left group outside the South. On March 19, SDS organized a sit-in at the Chase Manhattan Bank on Wall Street to protest the bank's loans to the Union of South Africa, and forty-nine people were arrested. The April 17th Vietnam march, sponsored by SDS, attracted students from approximately 100 different campuses. And this summer about 500 SDS members will live in eight Northern cities where SDS projects are attempting to organize poor Negroes and poor whites into a populist coalition of the dispossessed.

In 1962, when it was reconstituted after a long period of inactivity, SDS was dominated by graduate students, meetings were conducted in sociological jargon, and the membership included many ADA-oriented liberals. Today, SDS has about sixty formal chapters and fifty staff members and has evolved a way-out foreign policy that opposes the West in Vietnam, the Congo and much of Latin America. Since these positions have not been accompanied by equal criticism of the Eastern-bloc nations, SDS has come

into increasing conflict with its parent organization, the League for Industrial Democracy, which is dominated by social democrats and dependent on trade-union financing. SDS has also shifted its emphasis from campus recruiting to ghetto organizing and, in general, comes under SNCC's egalitarian and proletarian mystique. The group, however, has not lost its original intellectuality. President Paul Potter divides his time between graduate school and the ghetto project in Cleveland. Past President Tom Hayden, who did graduate work at the University of Michigan, is now an organizer in Newark. And one of the SDS organizers in Chicago is Richard Rothstein, a 21-year-old Harvard graduate and a former Fulbright scholar at the London School of Economics.

One of the major problems now confronting SDS is the role of those students who revivified it in 1962 and who are now 24 to 26 years old. While they are eager for the newer recruits to become leaders, they themselves have no adult organiza-

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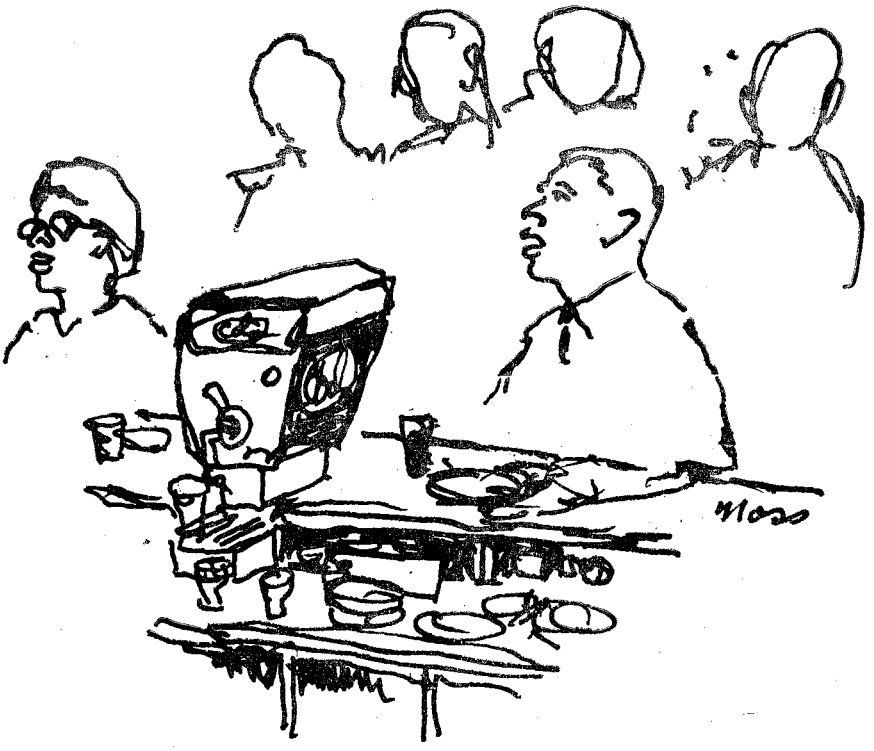
tion into which they can graduate. Lately, the SDS internal bulletin has been filled with soul-searching essays on whether one can be a radical within his chosen profession, or whether a true radical must devote his whole life to revolutionary organizing. The long-range impact of the New Left may ultimately hang on whether or not the new crusaders can fashion in the next few years a new radical, national organization into which students can be funneled.

The Northern Student Movement started in 1962 as a band of students involved in the dual programs of fund raising on campuses for the movement in the South and of running tutorial programs for Negro school children in the North. Gradually NSM realized that the tutorial approach "treats symptoms without affecting causes," and today its field projects in Harlem, Boston, Hartford, Detroit and Philadelphia are engaged in rent strikes, block-by-block organizing and attacks on middle-class control of the war on poverty.

NSM executive director William Strickland, who wrote his Master's thesis on Malcolm X, insists: "We're not a New Left because we're not interested in a guy's memorizing Trotsky's theory of permanent revolution or some Stalinist with a line. We're interested in creating new forms and new institutions, like the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. We're interested in liberating energy, in people affecting the decisions that control their lives. Call us the New Democrats, or the New Realists."

Like most movements, the new radicalism has generated its own extremist fringe—a Pot Left, or perhaps more precisely, a Pop Left. This extremist tail of the New Left is seen in its most advanced form in the new bohemia of the East Village, in New York, although Berkeley's Dirty Speech Movement appears to have the flavor.

It is in the East Village that several thousand dropouts from society have coalesced to cheer LeRoi Jones's scorn for Mickey Schwerner and Andrew Goodman; to join the Peking splinter, the Progressive Labor Movement; to confuse drugs and homosexuality with political actions, to buy "Support the National Liberation Front" buttons for a quarter.



So far the Pop Left seems far more interested in style, shock and exhibitionism than in any serious program, Maoist or otherwise. Their gurus, playwright LeRoi Jones and writer Marc Schleifer, put SNCC down as nonviolent and middle class; Schleifer claims he is "left of anything that exists in the world today," and that "Khrushchev is the symbol of white liberalism." They'll picket to legalize marijuana, but not for much else.

Determined to write their own philosophy and their own history, the new insurgents have become isolated from all previous generations of American dissenters. Already many of the 1930s revisionist liberals, once burned by Stalinism, have issued polemics of scorn and skepticism against the New Left. John Roche, former chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, accused the student zealots as early as 1962 of "naïveté about the intentions of the Soviet Union," and of "escapism and otherworldliness." Other Polonius-styled essays have followed from Daniel Bell, Max Lerner, Lewis Coser, Nathan Glazer, Irving Howe—and, of course, Sidney Hook, who recently issued a stern rebuke to the Berkeley insurrectionists. Many of the same writers and critics who recently eulogized the dead wobbies excoriate the much less violent SNCC workers.

Unfortunately, these unfounded attacks, plus a fierce identity of generation, have maneuvered the students into estrangement from the handful of radicals who fought so bravely through the 1950s, so that there might be a New Left today. Immediate predecessors like Socialists Bayard Rustin and Michael Harrington are repudiated on the absurd ground that they have "sold out to the Establishment"—Rustin because he supported the 1964 moratorium on street demonstrations and the compromise offered the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party at the 1964 Democratic Convention, and Harrington because he is a consultant to Sargent Shriver and Walter Reuther. The new radicals also reject the Rustin-Harrington theory that social change is achieved by an institutionalized coalition of church, labor, Negro and liberal groups reforming the Democratic Party. The New Left sees institutions like the NAACP and the UAW as essentially impotent and believes that social progress can be won only by insurgent forces disrupting society.

The few older figures whom the new generation seems to respect come out of the radical pacifist tradition—men like Paul Goodman and the 80-year-old A. J. Muste. The once strong influence of C. Wright Mills appears to have diminished since his death in 1962. And although they have a great hid-

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den admiration for Martin Luther King, the young anti-heroes do recoil from the "cult of personality" that has sprung up around the Nobel laureate.

Five years ago, academics and liberals hunted frantically for heirs to the flickering torch of American radicalism. Now that a new generation has finally materialized, the liberals suddenly wish it were more domesticated, more anti-Communist, more middle class and less anti-liberal.

The strategists of the emerging radicalism dream of an anti-Establishment alliance of Southern Negroes, students, poor whites, ghetto Negroes, indigenous protest movements and SNCC—all constituting an independent power base of millions. Most likely they will fail in this utopian vision; certainly they will blunder as they grope for it. Perhaps the final impact of their rebellion will be small. But the impulse that drives them into the lower depths of America is the same one that motivated the Abolitionists and the wobblies. Like the anarchist strikers at Lawrence, Mass., in 1912, the new radicals want "bread and roses too."

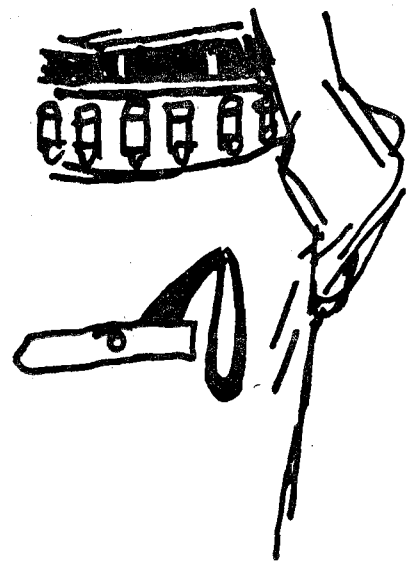
Behind the Crime Scare . . . . . George Shadoan

President Johnson's March 8, 1965, message to the Congress of the United States begins:

> *Crime is a malignant enemy in America's midst.*
>
> *Since 1940, the crime rate in this country has doubled. It has increased five times as fast as our population since 1958.*

J. Edgar Hoover tells us that the streets in our large cities are as paths in a jungle. The news media inform us in detail how a Long Island woman was slowly murdered by a maniac, as neighbors who "didn't want to become involved" looked on. New York subways are taken over at night by juvenile gangs who assault and kill innocent passengers. Crime statistics trumpet the continuing spiral of our degeneration. Police officials plead to be released from the shackles of the Supreme Court. We are called upon to support laws which will restrain the Court, release the police, and put the criminals in jail where they belong. Otherwise the nation will be destroyed. But the facts do not accord with this outcry, and a clarification of the real nature of the crime problem, the basis for the attack upon the courts, and the historical significance of the controversy is the purpose of this article.

Violence sells newspapers as well as television programs. Ever-mounting statistics lead us to believe that the streets are swarming with vicious criminals waiting to rape



and kill. It is encouraging to note signs of resistance to this propaganda. James V. Bennett, before retiring from his quarter-century reign over the federal prison system, reported in a 1964 article, "A Cool Look at the Crime Crisis": "There is reason to believe that progress is being made in controlling crime if we study the data in depth. For example, in the past 30-odd years, the homicide rate has been cut in half, dropping from 8.9 per 100,000 of our civilian population in 1930 to 5.1 in 1962. The actual number of homicides declined for a time from the 10,500 that were recorded in 1930, and later rose again. In 1962 the total reached only 9,500 although the population had increased 50 per cent since 1930. We may conclude that the life of the ordinary citizen is a good deal safer than it used to be—despite the contrary impression created by the headlines." He also noted that despite public furor over the increase in bank robberies, the number of such crimes had decreased from 609 in 1932 to 461 in 1962, in which years the number of banks had increased by 5,300.

An N.B.C. White Paper of April 6 set forth even more pertinent figures. For example, the vast majority of homicides are the result of family disputes. The overwhelming percentage of aggravated assaults are husband-wife fights, which are not prosecuted because the wife refuses to prefer charges. Most thefts and crimes of violence are intraracial. Auto theft accounts for a considerable share of the FBI's "serious crime" category which has shown such an alarming increase in recent years, and these thefts are in fact mostly "joy rides" — temporary thefts by juveniles. The absolute increase in crime reflects, among other things, the fact that the post-World War II baby boom has reached adolescence—the age group accounting for the highest percentage of criminal behavior — rather than that moral values are disintegrating.

Throughout the nation, voices of other lawyers, criminologists, sociologists and some policemen are becoming audible in their dissent from the prevailing view. Historians agree that previous generations have been incontestably more lawless. It is also relevant that the general prison population of the country is declining, although the general population is rising. This could reflect leniency on the part of our courts, but does it?

The allegation that the Supreme Court has strait jacketed state and federal police has been widely spread and believed. And restrictions have been imposed upon the police despite protests that complete breakdown in law enforce-

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ment would inevitably result. Community leaders cry out that the courts in general, and the Supreme Court in particular, are soft on crime and mollycoddle criminals. However, the fact is that 80 to 90 per cent of all persons indicted throughout the United States are convicted. Indeed, most plead guilty. And despite the decline in our prison population, the United States still has a larger percentage of its population in prison than any other Western country. In 1964, 118.3 Americans were in prison per 100,000, as compared with approximately 65 per 100,000 in England and Wales. As noted again by Mr. Bennett: "The criminal in America is dealt with harshly indeed. Our criminal laws are the most severe in the world, and our legislative bodies are still at work making them more severe." He points out that America is Draconian in its occasional sentence of 199 years and frequent sentences of thirty, forty and fifty years. During a year, English judges are unlikely to sentence more than 150 men to five years or more. In the United States, about 15,000 men are given such sentences.

In view of these facts, one must question the basis for the alarm about the breakdown in our law-enforcement machinery. I do not myself believe that the intensity of the emotion can be explained by the crime threat alone. Many policemen, trial judges and prosecutors are fighting for a way of life—their American dream. They see the "liberal" decisions of the Supreme Court as an erosion of our concepts of individual responsibility and accountability. Coupled with this, they feel that the Court is drastically reducing state power and responsibility.

What is the Supreme Court doing to cause this reaction? In plain terms, the Supreme Court is insisting that the vital guarantees of the Bill of Rights be observed throughout the United States. This insistence has followed a long period when the Court exercised restraint in the hope that state courts would take the initiative. During this period, case after case brought to the Court clearly demonstrated that many states simply would not hold their law-enforcement authorities to a civilized standard of conduct. A sample of these cases will give a feeling of the Court's dilemma.

In 1936, state officers admitted in *Brown* v. *Mississippi* that they had secured confessions by hanging a defendant from a tree twice and then "whipping" him; and, on a second occasion, by ordering two defendants to strip and then beating them with the buckle ends of leather straps. Although the Mississippi courts did not find that this procedure compromised the validity of the confessions, the Supreme Court held that a state may not adopt trial by ordeal. Four years later, the Florida courts were reversed for condoning a roundup of approximately forty Negroes who were held for a week of incessant questioning until four confessed. In 1940, the Texas court found no error in confessions secured by armed Texas rangers who took an illiterate, handcuffed farm hand from the jail into the woods on several successive nights until they broke his resistance. In 1942, another Texas case was reversed because the accused was for two days carried about by police who frightened him with stories of mob violence. In 1945, the Supreme Court reversed in a 5-to-4 decision a New York court's conviction of a defendant who had been held incommunicado for four days and stripped naked for a three-hour period in order, according to the prosecutor, "to humiliate him and to let him think he is going to get a shellacking." But as late as 1953, the Supreme Court refused to reverse a state case wherein an illiterate defendant was held for five days before being charged, without counsel, and was given no preliminary hearing until eighteen days after his arrest.

This chronicle of cases has been limited to Supreme Court action in throwing out coerced confessions. Much the same pattern would emerge from a review of unlawful search and seizure cases. The significance is that the Supreme Court has now determined in many instances that the fundamental requirements of due process of law, which apply to the states through the 14th Amendment, include a civilized criminal procedure where confessions are not coerced, defendants are accorded the right to counsel, and searches are lawful. Most Americans agree, and many dissenters would change their views if they were not incessantly subjected to the doleful cries of local law-enforcement authorities. For these efforts, the Court has been branded an enemy of States' rights and the American concept of federalism. However, the facts are to the contrary.

As stated above, the intervention of the Supreme Court into state criminal procedure has been cautious, and is the direct result of state inaction. The issues should be viewed in the total context of federal pre-emption of many fields of public obligation which formerly were reserved for state action. The federal child labor laws, urban renewal and housing legislation, aid to small businesses, Tennessee Valley Authority, National Labor Relations Board, and a host of other federal legislative provisions are examples. The nation had come to look to the Congress to solve its public problems. This trend has included reaction to public concern for safety and order. The Constitution vests the police power in the states, but the commerce clause and the revenue laws have increasingly been used as vehicles for Congress to prohibit conduct and impose criminal sanctions. On May

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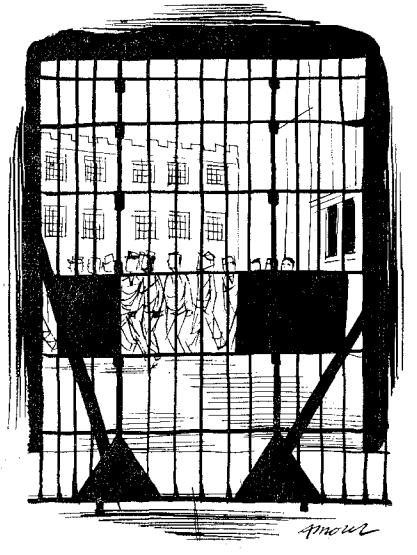
18, 1934, Congress passed the Crime Control Acts to counteract the widespread rise of racketeering, kidnaping and other forms of crime. As a result of the Lindbergh case, the death penalty was imposed for kidnapers taking their victims across state lines. The Dyer Act now makes it a federal crime to transport a stolen auto across state lines. This means the authorities have a choice in such cases of proceeding under the state crime of unauthorized use of a motor vehicle, or under the Dyer Act. The federal act is commonly used when a youth who commits the crime is in need of psychiatric care or vocational training, which is not available in many state prisons.

As early as 1910, the Mann "White Slave Act" made it a federal crime to transport a woman in interstate commerce for immoral purposes. During the narcotic-addiction hysteria, some of the most severe and inhumane criminal legislation known to mankind was authorized under the federal revenue authority. With the widespread concern for the bombing of commercial airplanes, Congress stepped in with criminal legislation in 1956 to amend the Civil Aeronautics Acts. In 1961, sweeping amendments were made to the Federal Criminal Code to prevent interstate racketeering. President Johnson's message on crime recommends federal legislation, dramatized by President Kennedy's assassination, which will make it a federal offense to ship a weapon in interstate commerce to other than an authorized gun dealer. Federal criminal legislation is being requested to insure civil rights of Negroes in Southern states.

The significance of all this federal legislative activity to the topic under consideration is that the Congress, by taking the popular course, has been driving nails into the coffin of federalism, while the Supreme Court, by taking the unpopular course, has been preserving the concept of federalism. Without a civilized criminal procedure, the respect for state courts could not long endure. This procedure is now being required by the Supreme Court. Without fair representation of urban areas in their legislatures, the states would always ignore urban problems in favor of rural interests. Such a condition could hardly be tolerated for any extended time in what has become an urban nation. The Supreme Court, through its controversial reapportionment decision in *Baker* v. *Carr*, has provided the states an opportunity to continue as politically functional units. Without these decisions, and with the continuing assumption of responsibility by the Congress, the states would soon have been completely by-passed in political function. Their days may be numbered in any event. The arbitrary geographical lines of the states, their part-time legislatures and their archaic courts, may remain as historical anachronisms of a bygone age, while the national government and metropolitan authorities rule the scene. But the Supreme Court is the one branch of the national government which has been, and is, attempting to breathe life into the hapless victim of its own lethargy.



NEW EXODUS

Israel's Talent Drain . . . . . Burton M. Halpern

Tel Aviv

A new law being discussed here would oblige Israeli-trained doctors to serve for at least three years in a new development area before being finally certified. The law is thought necessary because the departure of young doctors for special training in the United States (amounting to about 20 per cent of the approximately 1,000 Israeli graduates since statehood), along with a general movement of doctors to the more comfortable cities, has caused a serious shortage of medical personnel in outlying sections. This situation, alarming in itself, is only one aspect of the surprising emigration by able and educated "Sabras."

The dynamic young generation, born in their own land, are more and more finding the attractions of exile too alluring to resist, and are setting up permanent residences outside the country. These bold "new Jews," who never experienced anti-Semitism or the growing pains of minority Jewish settlement in Arab Palestine, are leaving the land which their fathers—and even their older brothers, as well as world Jewry—purchased at a high price in blood, sweat and dollars. And the exodus comes at a time when the Israelis have never been so well off. In fact, few among the older settlers even envisioned a period of such prosperity: full employment, booming industry, crowded cities and villages; with cars, travel abroad and all consumer conveniences commonplace. It is this very material prosperity that invites comparison between Israel and, primarily, the United States.

Each year, approximately 12,000 travelers who leave the country holding Israeli passports do not return. From 1949 to 1963, 752,105 Israelis left the country and 583,605 returned, for a total loss of some 160,000. In those same years the country received more than 1,200,000 immigrants, so the loss is numerically insignificant. But the departure of one educated Sabra to a New York engineering firm can-

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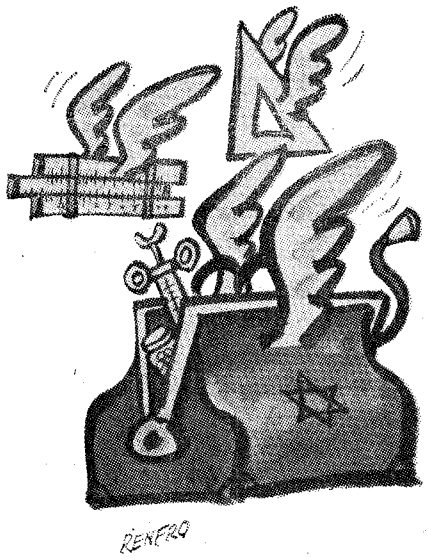
not be balanced against the gain of an uneducated, unskilled newcomer, who for the first years at least must be a burden on the new state.

The government labor office estimates that in the United States alone there are more than 3,500 Israelis who originally arrived there on student visas. The general pattern has been for about 400 to go to American universities each year, with perhaps another 100 enrolled in advanced study. Of these, less than 100 have been returning. The Labor Department now says that, what with more and better jobs and more places available at Israel's four institutions of higher learning, the returnees are beginning to catch up with those leaving. Yet very recently the Technion, one of the institutions in question, had to refuse admittance to 250 qualified applicants for lack of space.

One meets few families in Israel who do not speak of a son or a nephew working in some professional capacity in America. Coming back to Israel on the *Shalom,* I met six families — veteran Israeli settlers — who were returning from visits to grandchildren born of their Sabra children now settled in the United States. The fact that Israeli parents are visiting their children abroad, instead of its being the other way around, focuses attention on the nature of the emigration from rugged, youth-oriented new Zion. The numbers are important, but the quality of the loss is much more so.

Not all the emigrants leave Israel solely for ease and wealth abroad. Many go to meet the challenge of stiffer competition, keener demands for excellence, and because they are frustrated by a protected society that offers maximum worker security for what in recent years has become minimal output. In other words, although it is unquestionably easier to set up a household in New York because comparative costs are much less than in heavily taxed Israel, a professional or businessman is usually exposing himself there to tougher demands on his ability.

That is a challenge many Israelis are willing to accept, particularly after some education abroad. Thus Americans can find Israelis on almost every hospital and university staff, as architects, accountants, engineers, as town planners, scientists, composers, pianists, artists, film producers, electronic engineers and mechanics; and of course as female teachers of Hebrew in Jewish institutions.



More than half the Israeli population comes from a background of Asia and North Africa, and is still striving to reach the standards of its European brethren. For the time being, it contributes only minutely to the governing, creative, business and skilled professional ranks. Of the country's population of high school age, recent figures show that about 70 per cent, or 30,000 go to school on a full-time basis. Of these, 5,000 receive high school academic degrees and 3,500 go on to higher education, 60 per cent of them in Israeli institutions. So a substantial defection of those who study abroad —and up to now it has exceeded 50 per cent—is an alarming drain on Israel's trained youth.

It is widely thought, although not usually said, that the decline of cultural and educational standards brought on by recurring waves of immigration affects Sabra attitudes toward staying in the homeland. At one time the youth of the Jewish Yeshiva was thought of as something special: dedicated, idealistic, educated, unusually civic-minded. Few young people and few schools today can line up to the standards to which Palestinian youth was once accustomed. I sat at a parent-teacher meeting in a small but old established village with a young couple who had left Israel for advanced studies ten years ago. The wife is a psychiatrist, the husband a university teacher; they live in a Long Island suburb and had returned home for a year's leave, entering their 6-year-old boy in the nursery of their home town. The husband, who did not speak at the meeting, told me that although he knew almost everyone in the room, he felt in a foreign land. "I could not relate to those people."

Whereas in America social contact is still a matter of personal choice, in Israel it is unavoidable, and sometimes hard to endure. So the idea of getting lost in some community—usually with the camaraderie of fellow Israeli professionals —may seem attractive.

In most cases, the Sabra defector, after consideration of all the consequences, decides to try exile for a short time. He usually has no thought of permanent emigration, nor any feeling of disloyalty. The short time stretches out as the lures of American life — toward which Israeli society, like much of the world, is oriented—become increasingly familiar. It is possible, the Israeli engineer finds, to have comforts without too much money. But he cannot save, and thus is unable to make the big move back. He sold his apartment when he left Israel; to return he must buy a new one in the face of constantly rising prices (no apartments are available for rent). A smallish home in a Tel Aviv suburb may cost more than $30,000. So he delays his return until the children are nearly grown; by then it is too hard, and few manage it. The student who goes abroad —usually at the expense of parents who have lived in Israel on a short diet to bring up their sons in a Jewish state—has much the same experience. United States law permits him to work in the country for eighteen months after graduation. It would be foolish not to take advantage of this. Then he marries an American, finds a job that meets the immigration test, or hits on some other method to extend the residence period, so he can save for the car, refrigerator, washing machine, which are so costly at home—as well as the money for an apartment. Incidentally, the warm reception given to Israelis by United States Jews has also been a factor in the emigration, but now it is appreciably cooling as the Americans come to realize that the visitors are there to stay.

In addition to the United States, Paris is at least as fascinating as Tel Aviv to the art and

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bohemian set, and Hebrew papers are in large demand at major Parisian kiosks. Because of shortage of places, medical students among others have studied in Germany, Austria and Switzerland. Many of these have married *Fräuleins*. The susceptibility of Israeli youth to intermarriage has distressed the religious leaders in Israel. On the other hand, religious zeal does not stem the exodus: rabbis, cantors and religious teachers are leaving Israel in large numbers.

Israel is certainly not as it was in "the old days." The unusual community spirit that marked the Zionist effort to establish the state is somewhat dimmed. The patriotic drive to build up the land is now official rather than personal. And a search for the good material life—within the framework of a society that has become more and more homogeneous after the first shocks of immigrations—is dominant.

Thus the decline of idealism in the society is a real cause for an emigration that was almost unknown in the earlier grim, dangerous and Spartan times.

Not by reawakened idealism, or by recriminations, or by calls to patriotism can Israel's overseas people be recalled. Only jobs will bring them home—jobs that offer influential careers and with fringe benefits to compensate for salary differentials between this country and the United States. Today those jobs can be had. Israel, a developing country, lacks both skills and labor. Its truly massive growth has outstripped manpower, especially skilled manpower, in many fields. The days when engineers had to go to Venezuela for work are far in the past.

Most Israelis who left the country are more cautious than any newcomer about the future there. They are aware of the difficulties and the costs; they want some assurance. For the first time, Israel can give them that, in terms of jobs available on the open market. With this in view, the labor ministry has set up offices in New York, California and Europe to conduct public relations campaigns, to inform the Israelis, many long in exile, of the current labor shortage and to arrange work for them. Given the right opportunities, it is thought that the native sons will return.

The Great Society: An Old New Deal

Stephen W. Rousseas

After long consultations with approximately fifty agencies and departments of the federal government, and with experts called in to give structure and consistency to the resulting recommendations, President Johnson delivered his State of the Union Message to Congress in the prime evening television hours of January 4, 1965. It was his maiden speech as President in his own right, and followed quickly on the greatest electoral sweep in the United States since the landslide victory of Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1936.

The President had parlayed his own consummate political skill and the startling ineptness of his opponent's into an overwhelming mandate from the American people. But it wasn't at all clear precisely what the mandate was for. Where, in 1936, the major problems were mass unemployment and economic desperation, the American economy in 1965 was entering its fourth year of continuous expansion. The "affluent" society of 1964 precluded, therefore, any call for a New Deal, or a Fair Deal, or even for a New Frontier. The call for a New Deal in the thirties hardly needs explanation. The Fair Deal of President Truman was in some measure based on the fear that postwar America would return to the "normalcy" of prewar times. The New Frontier of the early 1960s, on the other hand, was deeply concerned with the inadequacy of the rate of economic growth and the gap between actual and potential output. Its avowed purpose was "to get America moving again."

President Johnson, in 1964, was faced with none of these problems. America was, if anything, the good society already in operation. Yet the President in his campaign and in his State of the Union Message asked that the American people "begin a new quest for union." It was a call to Utopia, or as one newspaper described it, "a visionary framework of the American destiny." The President's speech to the American people had all the trappings of a radical renaissance —American liberalism at its finest:

We seek to establish a harmony between man and society which will allow each of us to enlarge the meaning of his life and all of us to elevate the quality of our civilization.

We are in the midst of the greatest upward surge of economic well-being in the history of any nation. . . . But we are only at the beginning of the road to the Great Society.

We want progress to be the servant and not the master of man.

The Great Society asks not how much, but how good; not only how to create wealth but how to use it; not only how fast we are going, but where we are headed.

So much for what the American people should want to make of their future. There were still the realities of existing society, no matter how affluent. We are living, said the President, "in the midst of abundance isolated from neighbors and nature, confined by blighted cities and bleak suburbs, stunted by poverty of learning and an emptiness of leisure." Far too many Americans "are still trapped in poverty, idleness and fear," and have been locked out of "the city of promise." There are the elderly, the poor, the uneducated, the Negroes; and there are the chronically depressed areas of Appalachia. It was as though the President had taken a page out of Ferdinand Tönnies.

Stephen W. Rousseas is a professor of economics at New York University. The present article is an application of the broad tendencies discussed by Professor Rousseas in "Fences Against Power" (The Nation, Apr. 27, 1963), and an extension of the arguments presented by him in "Politics of the Possible" (Mar. 23, 1963) and "Consensus Liberalism" (Nov. 23, 1964).

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Macpherson, Toronto Star

Modern *Gesellschaft* (industrial) society is equated with urban blight, the spiritual loneliness of the individual, the anguish of alienated man living in a system that subordinates his social relations to the economic imperatives of his existence. All this is placed in contradistinction to the natural verities of a *Volksgemeinschaft* society, one in which social relations predominate over purely economic ones, in which man's connection with the ultimate, natural forces of his existence is not severed, and his fundamental need to belong is not ignored.

The Great Society, therefore, is to be seen as a synthesis of what is best of both possible worlds. *Gesellschaft* society leads to a higher standard of living but uproots man and casts him adrift on a sea of existential dread. *Volksgemeinschaft* society provides the amenities of social living but does so on a considerably lower level of affluence. One might almost view modern socialism as an attempt to combine the two. But President Johnson can hardly be described as a Socialist. Indeed, the Great Society is America's answer to socialism. The lost individuals of modern industrial society—or at least the lost Americans—will rediscover themselves within the Great Society but without the need for big brotherism on the part of the government to bring it about. The President is clear on this point. He will not lead the way into the Great Society. He will follow the American people. In his own words:

> *A President does not shape a new and personal vision of America. He collects it from the scattered hopes of the American past.*

In any evaluation of the Great Society, it is important to understand the President's attachment to this consensus approach to politics. It follows but does not lead. Indeed, it represents the abdication of leadership. Its primary source of information is the poll. It reacts to crises but does little to prevent them from materializing in the hope that somehow the periodic swellings will subside without an eruption. Above all, it wants to love and be loved by all, and failing this to be loved by as many as possible. Its supreme objective is to win elections; and elections can be won, in its opinion, only if it can somehow divine where the consensus lies.

Once the polls have given a reasonable approximation of the general consensus, whatever it is, it is not to be disturbed and only those policies are to be followed which generate the minimum of opposition by not disturbing the natural apathy of the public. When social conditions are in a state of flux and it is difficult to define opinion statistically, consensus liberalism becomes paralyzed and adopts a wait-and-see policy of drift. But when, on occasion, a part of the general public is stirred by some particular issue and succeeds in breaking through the habitual apathy of the rest, as in the case of the civil rights struggle, consensus liberalism follows their lead and tries along the way to calm the troubled waters. The net effect is a patchwork approach to social problems. There is no grand design, no social philosophy to provide the ground for leadership.

The full measure of President Johnson's addiction to this kind of consensus liberalism can be taken in terms of the specific policy proposals made by him for achieving the Great Society. He has set before the American people three basic tasks: (1) "To keep [the] economy growing"; (2) "to open for all Americans the opportunities now enjoyed by most Americans"; and (3) "to improve the quality of life for all."

To keep the economy growing, the President would rely on a substantial cut in excise taxes and ask Congress for authority to institute, within limits to be defined by the Congress, temporary tax cuts and special funds for public works programs in the eventuality of a recession. He also hopes that business and labor will, on a voluntary basis, behave responsibly, keeping wage-rate increases in some rough measure to the increases in the productivity of labor, and gearing price changes to the guidelines set out by the Kennedy administration in its first *Economic Report*. Though the business sector would itself be responsible for finding new markets abroad, the government would be willing to help out in a marginal way with credit ex-

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tensions. And to stimulate economic growth, the President would develop high-speed rail transportation between urban centers. The approach to growth, in short, is to be limited to the traditional indirect controls of monetary and fiscal policy. No overall planning, even of the indicative type practiced in Continental Europe, is either foreseen or recommended. It is difficult to believe that this approach will be successful.

For example, the American economy has been experiencing a sustained expansion over the past four years. Yet the unemployment rate for the fourth quarter of 1964 (1964-IV) remained at 5 per cent of the civilian labor force, down only 0.2 per cent from the last peak quarter of 1960-II, and considerably above the 1953-II peak of 2.7 per cent. Despite the recent tax cut, the average duration of unemployment for 1964-IV rose to 13 weeks as compared to 12.3 weeks for the 1960-II peak, and 8.3 for 1953-II. Long-term unemployment (more than 26 weeks) is virtually unchanged at 437,000 compared to 1960-II, and markedly higher than the 74,000 figure for 1953-II. The long-term growth rate (on a peak-to-peak basis) was 2.8 per cent from 1953-II to 1964-IV, though it rose to 3.6 per cent from the 1960-II peak to 1964-IV. It is obvious that even though the last peak-to-peak growth rate shows noticeable improvement, unemployment persists and the gap between actual and potential output continues to be large. It is very doubtful that the solution lies in an approach via policies which insist on treating the problem as though it were simply a matter of cyclical insufficiency of effective demand, thereby ignoring the structural aspects in the post-Korean War problem of an inadequate long-term growth rate.

As for bringing in the minority of Americans who have so far been locked out of "the city of promise," the President proposes a regional recovery program for such places as Appalachia, the extension of minimum wages to unprotected workers, medical care for the aged, and the enforcement of the Civil Rights Act. These, it would seem, would be minimal conditions for any society, let alone the Great One. But then there are those policies designed to improve the "quality of life for all." They involve federal aid to education, regional medical centers, the planting of trees along our highways, more parks and recreational centers, the cleaning up of our waterways, and the call of a White House Conference on Natural Beauty. Considering how niggardly the United States has been in providing for social capital and how seriously eroded its existing capital has become, one should not be surprised at the critical social imbalance existing between the private and public sectors of American society. In a society which is dominated by private business interests, notorious for their imperviousness to the social costs of their operations, one could hardly expect less. Again, the President's proposals, desirable as they are, represent merely the act of catching up to our present needs and not a great leap forward into the Great Society.

To cope with the evils of *Gesellschaft* society, the President proposes "to discover the causes of crime and better ways to prevent it." Modern science is to be employed and local enforcement officers trained in its use. And as a method for coping with the problem of alienation, the President urges the establishment of community centers to "restore man's satisfaction in belonging to a community where he can find security and significance."

What this amounts to is a liberal gloss applied to a basically conservative approach to social problems. And it is an approach that eschews leadership in the name of consensus politics. Like water, it follows the path of least resistance and as a result meanders over a broad plain of political inactivity. Knowing full well that political success at the polls means following clear popular demand, it supports such programs as medicare and voting rights for Negroes and, when the consensus is ill defined, it marks time or takes evasive action, as in the case of allocating educational funds between public schools and the largely Catholic private schools, with the net result that the funds provided are both inadequate and misallocated.

The only conclusion to which I can come is that American consensus liberalism has set its sights too low and has asked Congress for too little. It has confused consensus with being right, and what is right with what is popular. It is, in other words, content to preside over the consolidation of the New Deal — which is all there is to the President's vision of the Great Society. The President is very much a man in search of a mandate, which he thinks he has found in the warmed-over remnants of the 1930s.

The Great Society is to be achieved by extending the basic precepts of the New Deal into every nook and cranny and by undertaking a cleaning-up operation of the few odds and ends that remain as carry-overs from the days of Franklin D. Roosevelt. That the Great Society is so rooted in the past can be explained by the President's political origins. Mr. Johnson was weaned on the New Deal as a young Congressman, lost it in the postwar world as he found his way to great wealth, the majority leadership and the Vice Presidency, and has at last regained it in the Presidency. Perhaps the most trenchant comment on the Great Society has come from James Baldwin (*The New York Times*, April 11):

> *I do know that not much has changed since* The Fire Next Time. *I am not impressed, for example, when the President uses "We shall overcome" in a speech. I've heard so many speeches. What is crucial is that none of these slogans—"War on Poverty," "The Great Society"—mean anything unless there are basic changes in the distribution of wealth and power. The vote by itself does not mean anything if you don't know how you're going to eat and if you don't know how you're going to get a job in an age of cybernation. And how can you talk of a War on Poverty if you're not really doing something about disarmament?*

It is clear that the President's suggestions for implementing the Great Society are palliatives which do nothing to affect the distribution of wealth and power or to tackle the structural problems of the economy on an adequate basis. And, at the same time, the course he has chosen to follow in foreign policy is truculent and hardly conducive to creating an atmosphere where disarmament would be even remotely possible.

Yet when all is said, one must admire the President's political talent for transforming the ordinary into the seemingly sublime.

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Journey of Conscience

Midnight Plane to Alabama . . .

George B. Leonard

When the wind was right, a peculiar odor spread over the towns that lay near the great crematoria at Auschwitz, Belsen, Dachau. The good people who lived there learned to ignore the stench. They ate, drank, sang, prayed, gave moral instruction to their children. To deny reality, however, is no simple act. Conversation becomes conspiracy. Reality, though denied, always waits nearby, a silent intruder on every group around the fire, every child's bedtime story, every scene of love. In the end, even the senses themselves must join the conspiracy. The people who lived near the gas ovens taught their noses to lie.

Americans, too, have learned to deceive their senses. Sermons have been preached, crusades launched, books on ethics written, systems of morality devised, with no mention whatsoever of how American Negroes are treated. When the senses lie, the conscience is sure to sleep. The chief function, then, of the current Negro movement has been to awaken a nation's conscience, which is to say its ability to smell, see, hear and feel.

Such an awakening is painful. It may take years to peel away the layers of self-deception that shut out reality. But there are moments during this process when the senses of an entire nation become suddenly sharper, when pain pours in and the resulting outrage turns to action. One of these moments came, not on Sunday, March 7, when a group of Negroes at Selma were gassed, clubbed and trampled by horses, but on the following day when films of the event appeared on national television.

The pictures were not particularly good. With the cameras rather far removed from the action and the skies partly overcast everything that happened took on the quality of an old newsreel. Yet this very quality, vague and half-silhouetted, gave the scene the vehemence and immediacy of a dream. The TV screen showed a column of Negroes striding along a highway. A force of Alabama state troopers blocked their way. As the Negroes drew to a halt, a toneless voice drawled an order from a loudspeaker: In the interests of "public safety," the marchers were being told to turn back. A few moments passed, measured out in silence, as some of the troopers covered their faces with gas masks. There was a lurching movement on the left side of the screen; a heavy phalanx of troopers charged straight into the column, bowling the marchers over.

A shrill cry of terror, unlike any sound that had passed through a TV set, rose up as the troopers lumbered forward, stumbling sometimes on the fallen bodies. The scene cut to charging horses, their hoofs flashing over the fallen. Another quick cut: a cloud of tear gas billowed over the highway. Periodically the top of a helmeted head emerged from the cloud, followed by a club on the upswing. The club and the head would disappear into the cloud of gas and another club would bob up and down.

Unhuman. No other word can describe the motions. The picture shifted quickly to a Negro church. The bleeding, broken and unconscious passed across the screen, some of them limping alone, others supported on either side, still others carried in arms or on stretchers. It was at this point that my wife, sobbing, turned and walked away, saying, "I can't look any more."

We were in our living room in San Francisco watching the 6 P.M. news. I was not aware that at the same moment people all up and down the West Coast were feeling what my wife and I felt; that at various times all over the country that day and up past 11 P.M. Pacific Time that night hundreds of these people would drop whatever they were doing; that some of them would leave home without changing clothes, borrow money, overdraw their checking accounts; board planes, buses, trains, cars; travel thousands of miles with no luggage; get speeding tickets, hitchhike, hire horse-drawn wagons; that these people, mostly unknown to one another, would move for a single purpose: to place themselves alongside the Negroes they had watched on television.

Within the next several hours I was to meet many of these travelers and we were to pass the time telling one another how and why we had decided to come. My own decision was simple. I am a Southerner living away from the South. Many of my friends and relatives have remained there to carry on the grinding day-after-day struggle to rouse the drugged conscience of a stubborn and deluded people. They are the heroes. A trip to Alabama is a small thing.

I had, of course, any number of excellent reasons for *not* going to Selma, not the least of which was a powerful disinclination to be struck on the head and gassed. But as I raised that point and every other negative argument, a matter-of-fact voice answered: "You better get down there."

At midnight, the San Francisco airport was nearly deserted. Three men stood at the Delta Air Lines counter, a Negro and a white man in business suits, and a tall, fair Episcopalian priest. I sensed something dramatic about the tall man; somehow he brought to mind a priest in a Graham Greene story. His companions seemed especially solicitous as they helped him through some complex negotiations with the ticket agent. I introduced myself and learned that the priest alone was going to Selma, that he had decided to go only that night, that he had no idea how he was going to get from Birmingham, where the flight ended, to Selma, ninety miles south. I told him I had wired to both Avis *and* Hertz for cars at Birmingham; somehow I would get him to Selma.

As we started toward the plane, I realized why the priest's companions had seemed worried. Father Charles Carroll of St. Philip's Episcopal Church in San Jose, Calif., walked with a heavy cane; it was an effort for him to maintain our rather slow pace along the run-

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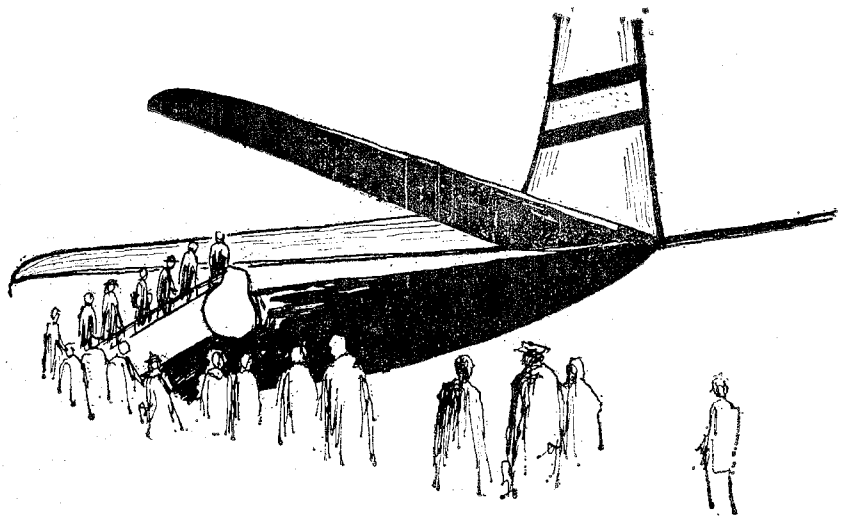

way. Here, then, was the first of our marchers.

Flight 808 to Dixie rose into the cloudless California night. As in countless other flights across America, I pressed my head to the window and wondered at the wilderness below. This nation, the most automated, urbanized civilization in the world, consists mostly of open space. Yet this is appropriate, for America is still unfinished; it is still a huge, untidy experiment, a series of hopeful statements ending with question marks. Most of all, America is the only place in the world where a nonviolent Negro movement could exist. It is the one society that has dared openly confront its own deepest moral wrong, which is also mankind's most ancient prejudice. The great land that lay sleeping some 7 miles beneath me has not yet defined itself, but one thing is sure: it is the only home of a revolution that would correct not laws or governments but the hearts of men. If we can pull this one off, then what is impossible for us? But Selma stood ahead.

"It was the voice of Sheriff Jim Clark on the radio that brought it back to me—that strange feeling in the pit of my stomach." Father Carroll's burning eyes turned inward to the past, to his student days in Germany in the thirties. "I remembered my apartment in Berlin, the Jewish family with whom I lived, the steel that was to be used to bar the front door when 'they' came, the bottle of cyanide in the medicine cabinet—everybody knew why it was there. I remembered my German cousin who had turned Nazi. He had come home one night in 1938 to be asked by his wife what was burning in town. He had said, 'The synagogues,' and she had replied, 'What synagogues?' *Could this be happening here?*

"I went about my rounds today wondering how I could get to Selma and what I would do if I got there. Then I saw the news just as you did and, at that moment, I *knew*. It *is* happening here. I had no more doubts as to what I had to do."

Dawn came in Dallas as we waited between planes. The night had brought other flights from the West; each had its cargo of pilgrims. All of us trooped aboard a rakish, shining Convair 880 for Birmingham—a score of clergymen both Negro and white, a lawyer from Palo Alto, a psychiatrist from Los Angeles, a Bay Area matron who had had a bit too much to drink, a young couple from Berkeley.

Inside the plane, a plump Negro minister from Los Angeles named Bohler kept leaping to his feet to introduce himself and everyone within earshot to each new passenger, most of whom were bound for Selma. Twice he told us that the previous night he had been wanting to go "more than anything," and that the phone had rung at about 10:30 with news that he had been given a ticket—at which he had murmured, "Oh, He's answered my prayers so quickly!" One of Bohler's companions admitted that "when I told my wife, all she said was buy as much insurance as possible."

There was a stir at the plane's door as a group of rumpled students entered. The newcomers were Mario Savio and some of his followers from the University of California. The bushy-haired student leader and his girl sat across the aisle from me, the door was closed and we took to the sky.

Savio's group, I learned, had decided to come only after watching the 11 P.M. news. They had raced across the Bay Bridge to the airport to catch the flight after ours. Now these young revolutionaries were all over the plane, bursting with news and curiosity. Someone said Governor Wallace and the state of Alabama had been enjoined from interfering with the march. "Looks like somebody may be walking 50 miles today," I said, glancing down at the high heels worn by two of the girls, a sophomore and a junior. "We didn't have time to change," one of them said. "We'll have to march without shoes," added the other. "*Oh* no," said Savio, no doubt considering past criticism of his group's appearance, "we'll buy you shoes."

"How about your shirt tail?" the sophomore said to Savio. "I'll put it in." "And your face," she went on, indicating what appeared to be a two-day growth of beard. "I'll shave," Savio said.

Dark clouds grew into the morning sky and shook our plane as it passed over Texas and into Louisiana. I talked with Savio, a brilliant, uncompromising young man who—aside from matters of etiquette, propriety or procedure, and to the considerable dismay of his elders—is right a great deal of the time. "If we're enjoined from marching," he told me firmly, "we should march anyway."

Mississippi. I looked down at the drab fields and forests of late winter and shuddered slightly. Twice in recent years I had gone into that state on story assignments. I experienced again the sick sensation that always came over me when I crossed the state line. It was something like combat in World War II, like flying past that ominous red track across our briefing maps that indicated the point beyond which we could expect to fall into enemy hands if we went down.

To Mississippians, my Southern credentials meant nothing. I represented what they feared most of all: the outside world. To hold to their particular web of self-deception, segregationists must speak only with one another. The very presence of an outside perception threatens the madness to which they cling. That is why no "outsider" can ever feel entirely safe in

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a place like Mississippi, especially under the following conditions: when it is dark, when the segregationists are armed, when they outnumber their prey, and when they approach from behind. This —God rest my Confederate ancestors—is the present measure of Southern white "courage."

But how can we measure the wrong? When the young Negro civil rights workers from the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee first came to work in rural Mississippi, they found that segregationists could spot them immediately and unerringly, even from a distance. No matter that the SNCC workers took pains to dress in the precise manner of the local Negroes; they invariably stood out—*simply because of the way they walked.* And how did they walk? As a human being is supposed to walk: head high, eyes to the front, chest out, feet lifting cleanly from the ground. In the past, during the years of racial "peace" in the South, Negroes have been beaten and killed for less.

And that is one of the things the Southern society has required of its Negroes—that their way of moving on this earth, the very posture of their bodies, proclaim subservience. It is a wrong that goes far deeper than voting rights. But that is a good place to start. On to Selma.

In Birmingham we learned that a federal judge had enjoined Martin Luther King from marching to Montgomery that day. Whether he would march anyway remained in doubt. But nothing could slow our momentum. We had flown all night from the West and were not going to stop now. The airport was in turmoil. People from all over the nation were streaming in. Many others, we learned, were landing in Atlanta, still more in Montgomery. I picked up my car, loaded my passengers and started out on a tricky, uneasy 90 miles through hostile territory.

Father Carroll sat to the right of me, calm and serene. In the back seat was another Episcopal priest, Thomas Steensland. He had left his home in the rural California town of Paso Robles at the last minute, driving south more than 100 miles to catch a plane from Santa Barbara; had missed that plane by ten minutes and had kept going another 100 miles to make a 1 A.M. flight from Los Angeles. Father Steensland also faced a difficult march: as an infantry lieutenant in World War II, he had stepped on a land mine and had lost part of one foot.

Also in the back seat was an older couple who had sat in front of me on the plane from Dallas. I had heard the name, William Morris, and the home town, Malibu Beach, Calif. (*That's* a strange parish, I had mused, assuming Morris to be a clergyman.) Getting in the car, I noticed that Mrs. Morris wore a particularly expensive-looking suit and that she carried a Malaysian Air Lines travel bag. Now I turned and asked lightly: "To what aspect of human life do you minister?"

"Oh, I'm not a minister," Morris said, "I'm in the theatrical business."

A quick realization: He was *the* William Morris of William Morris Agency, the most venerable of theatrical agencies. I wondered what had moved these people, who must live a very comfortable life indeed, to leave Malibu Beach in the middle of the night for a destination that held the clear possibility of tear gas, beating, jail or worse.

"We watched the news," Ruth Morris said, "and then we went in and sat down and were eating dinner. Our home is right on the ocean. It's a very pleasant place to live, rather gay in color. Our dining room is warm and gay and we were sitting down to a very good dinner. We felt sort of guilty about being there enjoying ourselves after what we had just seen on TV.

"We both said it at the same time —it just seemed to come out of the blue: 'Why are we sitting here?' Then I said, 'I'll pack,' and Bill said, 'I'll call for the reservations.'"

The day was more Indian summer than late winter. We were driving south at a careful 50 miles an hour about a hundred yards behind a bus from the Pilgrim Hill Baptist Church of Birmingham. Church members had outlined the procedure for traveling in Alabama in 1965. We were not to have any integrated cars. ("Might attract gunfire.") We were to gas up at a Negro station in Birmingham; no stops would be made along the way. We were to stick to the speed limit; in fact, if the sign said 15, we were to go 14. Two cars loaded with Negroes would scout ahead, returning if necessary to warn us of danger. The most vulnerable vehicle was the bus, for it carried most of those, black and white, who had been on our plane. We of the all-white car were to follow it at a good distance.

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If it was stopped, we were to pull up behind it and witness whatever happened. The driver of the bus had sketched the route on my map and had shown me the "bad" communities along the way, where we might expect trouble. He would warn me, if anything went wrong, by turning on his blinking yellow loading lights.

Now these lights were flashing. The bus turned off the superhighway we had planned to follow and started down a narrow rural road. We had no way of knowing what the trouble was. We just stayed behind the bus, moving with a turn of the steering wheel into another world, the hazy, dreamy Southland of my childhood. After a night without sleep, I was particularly susceptible to the aching loveliness of the land. We passed run-down Negro shacks, but it was easy not to see them clearly. It took no effort at all to let them fade into the landscape like an old oak or a stand of pines on a rolling hill. Not to see is what our culture has tried to teach us.

I turned to my passengers: "Look at that shack, the holes in the roof, the broken windows, all the children. It gets cold down here."

We turned again. The road became even more lonely. I switched on the radio for news from Selma, but it was difficult to pick out any clear station from the sizzle of static and hillbilly music. At last a faint voice told us Martin Luther King was marching; the march would start in an hour. We could make it.

We never learned why we had followed such a circuitous route, but we entered Selma without ever passing a roadblock or even a city-limits sign, and we stayed on dirt roads all the way to the Negro church district that was our destination. As we pulled to a stop, three slim young Negro women walked past our car. One of them leaned over to us and said with absolute simplicity: "Thank you for coming." Tom Steensland said quietly: "The trip is already worth it."

The scene inside the church burst upon me. Every seat, every aisle was packed. They were shoulder to shoulder—the Princeton professor and the sharecropper's child, the Senator's wife and the elderly Negro mammy. The balcony at the left side of the church was like a fresco by a great Renaissance painter. The classic, dizzying angles formed by those who leaned to view the altar were fixed forever, it seemed, against the rich colors of the stained-glass window.

And they were all there at the altar, those who would lead us. For some reason they brought to mind those lines from *John Brown's Body* that introduced the leaders of another time:

> *Army of Northern Virginia, army of legend,*
> *Who were your captains, that you could trust them so surely,*
> *Who were your battle-flags? Call the shapes from the mist. . . .*

Ours were captains of a far gentler army: Charles Evers of the Mississippi NAACP, a martyr's brother and a constant temptation to every cowardly sniper in his state; James Farmer of CORE, the urbane revolutionary with the round face who had walked crying through the streets of Harlem, trying to stop a riot; James Forman of SNCC, the troubled young activist who bears more battle scars than all the rest, now dressed as a poor country boy in overalls; Rev. Ralph Abernathy, Dr. King's trusted lieutenant, a man to soothe the impetuous, possessing iron courage of his own. And, in the center, Dr. King himself.

But now a doctor from New York was speaking; he was giving us, with scientific enthusiasm, our medical briefing. "Tear gas will *not* keep you from breathing. You may *feel* like you can't breathe for a while. Tear gas will not make you *permanently* blind. It may blind you *temporarily*. Do *not* rub your eyes." I looked around at the amused but somber smiles. The doctor's enthusiasm was carrying him away. "If you become unconscious, be sure somebody stays with you." A delighted, outraged laugh rose throughout the church. The doctor laughed, too. "I mean, if you see someone become unconscious, be sure to stay with him." He got the day's greatest ovation.

Martin Luther King stepped forward to the microphones. His slightly oriental eyes glistened in the glaring light. A faint smile, both humble and triumphant, came and went.

As a journalist, I had spent some hours with Dr. King, but had never penetrated the mission to find the man. He was a boy from my home town who had won the Nobel Peace Prize. Some would make him a saint, but it is too early. While the man still lives, one thinks of flaws. I was aware, too, of the narrow, precipitous pathway he walked—between the white leadership, whose ultimate consent he must have, and the Negro activists, who even now rankled with bitter disapproval of his "timidity."

It is too early to beatify him; we must wait for a larger decision. History may take a turn toward harshness. Force and authority may gain sway over men everywhere; in which case Martin Luther King and the Negro movement will rate not even a footnote in history. But if history turns toward the gentler, more subtle controls that we know as love and brotherhood—and it probably must if mankind is to survive—then King's place will be assured.

"Now, we have a problem here in Alabama." Dr. King spoke with restraint and regret. He did not try to stir his audience; they did not need that. He outlined the situation that faced us matter-of-factly. He talked of the decisions all men must make. Next to me a tweedy man with a pipe and British mustache wiped tears from his cheeks. All the faces around me were radiant. Perhaps the worst sin in life," Dr. King said with a kind of majestic sadness, "is to know right and not to do it."

Outside, in hazy sunlight, the marchers formed. One was to be fatally beaten that night. From a bank I watched the first ranks of four go past. They moved in voiceless exaltation. I exchanged smiles with Jim Forman who walked arm in arm with Dr. King in the front rank. And behind them were all those with whom I had traveled. Tom Steensland went by with another white minister and two Negroes. Bill and Ruth Morris were together and Charles Carroll was with them, supported on the right by a strong Negro minister.

America's conscience has been sleeping, but it is waking up. In Germany, people did not travel all night across the land to walk with the oppressed. A trip to Alabama is a small thing, but out of many such acts, let us hope, may come a new America. I smiled at my friends and stepped into the ranks.

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A Short Monograph on the Uses of Frailty in Physical Competition

INJURY IN SPORT. Edited by J. R. Armstrong and W. E. Tucker. Charles C. Thomas. 628 pp. $26.50.

Stephen Potter

Game Leg Play has always been regarded as one of the basic elements of gamesmanship. I termed it "basic" in 1947: yet at the same time I have been accustomed to regard it as primitive.

Students may like to be reminded that in its simplest form this gambit consists of a reference to "my old football knee" before playing some game.[1] This is followed by a humorous "hope it won't let me down." The neo-gamesmen now dismiss all this as Neanderthal gamesmanship: but they forget that it owes its fame to the brilliance of "Morteroy's Defence." This was the specialty of the Hon. C. Frith-Morteroy who, in a lawn-tennis match against a man who began by apologizing for having a strained ankle, revealed that he himself had a "slightly dicky heart," and was "not supposed to run about too hard." As everyone knows, it was the fact that Frith delayed references to this *till the second game of the second set* which made the counterploy so lethal in its effect.

Since the war, the Game Leg situation has changed almost totally, and the whole gambit field has achieved a new status. My work on MDmanship, especially the big section on Lay Counterploys for Use Against Medical Men, may have indirectly brought about this revival: but it is also Popular[2] in origin, and derives from the new interest in medicine. Magazine articles, TV series, Dr. Kildare, pictures of portions of President Eisenhower's intestines, have induced a sort of glorified hypochondria combined with an admirably confident one-upness, among laymen, on medical matters. Recently many young gamesmen have seen the possibilities of the use, before and during a match, of words beginning with haemo- or anchy- and even sometimes ending in -ectomy.

In modern Game Leg Play, reference to "post-traumatic arthritis," a phrase of *semi-incomprehensibility*, will always be preferred to "that's the hip I slipped on in the bus." If your golf opponent still drives 30 yards the longer, you can add: "There's no *bone* there at all, now," suggesting that one of your legs is supported by lumps of scarred ligament.

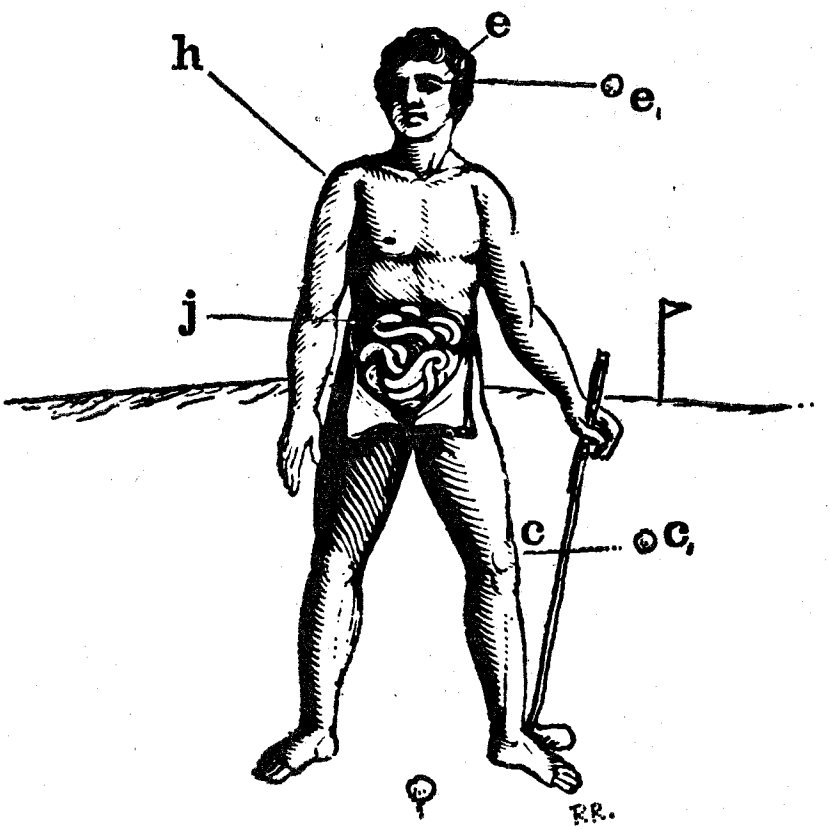
The counter to this should be equally technical. Do not, during the crossover at tennis, speak of the "old ticker, the chilli-bang-bang," but place your hand on your *eyes* for a moment and say: ". . . feeling of disorientation. Occasionally get it. Some minor disfunction of the cranial arteries."

Formerly the younger golfer liked to suggest to his older opponent that he was finding some difficulty in trudging up the long slope of the fourteenth and would say to him, "getting a bit puffed?" Now they say: "Yes, its a bit of a climb, but you're not actually cyanosed."

At the top, the youth can stick his finger in the senior man's eye and say: "Yes — there's definitely some hypoxia. Take it steady."[3]

A difficulty arises if your opponent is suffering, perhaps more genuinely, from exactly the same complaint as yourself. Spot this early, and *you* be the one who has discovered the marvelous new treatment. Begin: "All you have to do is to let the arm hang loosely from the shoulder blade." Later you can add: "You didn't let old Kortinglass pull you about, did you?"

These simple ploys mark, I feel, the beginning of a reappraisal of this entire gambit. And now comes a new book, scholarly, thorough, complete, to reveal to us the full landscape, with its remoter recesses, of the use of technical medical knowledge in the Game Leg gambit. *Injury in Sport* is 628 pages long. It is edited by two well-known English orthopedic surgeons, Mr. W.E. Tucker and Dr. J.R. Armstrong. The book is



[1] Not, of course, football, where no one takes any notice of anything slighter than a cracked pelvis.

[2] Note that, spelled with a capital P, this word means "unpopular" (*Concise Lifemanship Dictionary*).

[3] If senior opponent is himself in Medicine, he will be especially annoyed by layman's use of medical lingo ("some" hypoxia, "an" edema, etc.).

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expensive, but the mere possession of it should be worth a couple of bisques to the Advanced Gamesman. Part One deals with the workings of the human body. For a start, let your opponent glance over your shoulder. He will see, on page 25, a "Diagram of the Labyrinth." Don't tell him this is part of the human ear; just say (staring at him): "Look at that."

Then (pointing further down the page): "You see? 'Prawns which had just moulted . . . were subjected to influence of a powerful magnet; and according to whether it was placed underneath or above the tank . . . the prawns could be made to swim right-side up or upside down.' That's the question. Are you conscious of turning your back to the direction of the hole, on the up-swing?"

Part Two deals with human injuries in individual sport, and some of the chapters offer gamesmanship dynamite.

I turned first to injuries in baseball, because all Englishmen are convinced that, compared to cricket, baseball is a game of almost Arcadian gentleness. Conversely, all Americans think vice versa. I am happy to say that opportunities for getting hurt are about even for both sports.

In the baseball chapter, one's eye was struck immediately by the dangers of Chronic Overload, including "Baseball finger" — which is of course avulsion of the insertion of the extensor digitorum communis (ball strikes tip of finger). In cricket, most players spend the match feeling apprehensive of the moment when they will be called upon to bat against the fast bowler. Great emphasis is put here on chronic conditions to which *bowlers* lay themselves open, e.g., supraspinitus tendonitis, a condition which may be so obstinate that "only operative treatment" will suffice.

It is rugged stuff and indeed this new approach suggests already a brutal type of gamesmanship which makes its point by constantly emphasizing the delicacy of the human body and the danger of subjecting it to the repeated bash. Water skiing is an obvious, basketball an unexpected, field for this approach. So far as the water sport is concerned, if it were not for my bad hip I would, I maintain, spend my life on water skis. And I am glad to mention, to remind those who are lucky enough to be able to be going away for a water-skiing holiday, that such simple clumsiness as the tendency to fall in a spread-eagle position not only frequently causes torn ligaments and fractures of the hip but fracture-dislocation of the cervical spine and "knee-joint dislocations which can be very severe. Amputations have been necessary."

Basketball, it is thrilling to learn, is scarcely less potentially lethal, and one must believe that there are special basketball wards set aside, at most hospitals, for the results of the various torsions and lateral stresses, with damage to the medial semilunar cartilage; a place of refuge where "these severe injuries may be treated by prompt surgical repair." There must be many areas of the United States where the flat statement, "I am a basketball player," can make any talk of "my football knee" sound like silly fussing. Just as a man recently back from climbing Everest is unlikely to be the center of admiring interest if there is a water skier in the company.

Everybody accepts, of course, the fact that boxers are liable to be badly hurt, indeed that is what boxing is for. I myself gave up boxing in my teens because it always made my nose bleed, badly. It sounds a feeble thing to say now and it was then. How much better if I had had the opportunity of studying this great guide for gamesmen; I could have learned to employ an "its all very well but" such as:

More severe bleeding may indicate obvious damage to the septum and this will mean early removal to hospital where the bones can be manipulated with Walsham's forceps.

By contrast, there are valuable chapters here on the *realm of the apparently safe.* What could not be done in golf, with this sort of comment, rightly timed, to an opponent who has said, "do you think it's all right for me to drive now . . . that couple ahead . . .?"

"Are you aware," say dryly, with a slight Scottish accent if possible, "that the golf ball is so small that it can enter the orbit of the eye?"

More splendid is a new counterploy revealed here for use against the scratch golfer who rightly prides himself on his good style and the fact that he seldom varies. After not less than three matches against this man, say to him suddenly: "Do you do corrective exercises?"

Scratchman: *Correct . . . what?*

Gamesman: *Corrective — something for one's shoulder blades.*

Scratchman: *What's the burble?*

Gamesman: *Seriously, it's the necessity of counteracting the perfectly grooved swing. Like yours.*

S: *How so?*

G: *Makes you a funny shape. You spend hours practicing in the same kind of curve. You never vary. That's why you're so good.*

S: *Oh, I don't know.*

G: *And look at your stoop. One could play chess here, on the top of your back. They've all got it.*

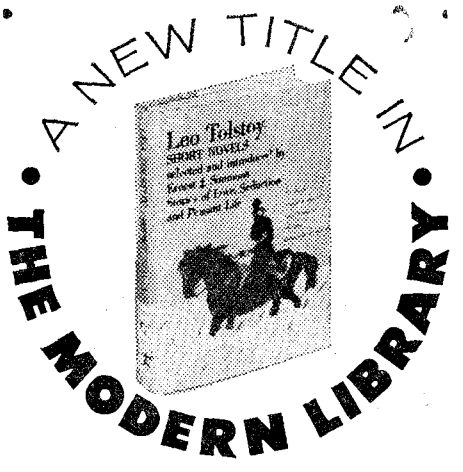
S: *Who?*

G: *Except the smart ones. Look, here's some of the exercises you can do (demonstrates).*

For years I have been fiddling with the problem of the counter to Grooved Swing. This one will not be bettered in my lifetime.

A useful weapon in the armory of Gamesmanship is the ability to make complex the outstandingly simple. In the third chapter of this book, the importance in all games of *good posture* for athletes is stated on 13 pages with the same number of diagrams, showing different ways of holding, or not holding, the stomach in. A quick flip to one of these diagrams and a clear blue-eyed question, "Do You Have an Active Alerted Posture?" could be what we call a delayed distraction in Opponent's golf or tennis play.

But perhaps Fig. 13 will be of most



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use to us. In 1947, I advocated a Use of Muscles ploy which consisted of showing your golf opponent, during his round, an anatomical, diagrammatic picture, which we provided, of the superficial and deeper muscles of the left side of a man in the act of putting. "Don't think of these muscles individually," we would say, and for a time this was wildly successful. *Fig. 13 does it for lawn tennis.* (And for the backhand, a stroke which in England only the young girls who are pupils at rich schools are ever taught.) See here the picture of the backhand stroke in action, with the muscles revealed. See the calm look of the lawn-tennis player, the interplay of the flexors and extensors and, above all, the caption:

To demonstrate how the correctly executed backhand tennis shot is performed by the activators acting in conjunction with the synergic and prime fixor groups.

There are scores of lesser ploys to be picked up from this book which is *of high value and interest even outside the realms of gamesmanship.* There are many noteworthy facts and figures, such as the "at Melbourne (Olympics, 1960) 3 competitors were pregnant."

How does all this square, let us ask, with ordinary old-fashioned sportsmanship, for surely to heaven this still exists? Such questions I must leave to younger men. Meanwhile I shall continue, refreshed, with the more recognized, if more conventional, fields of gambiting.

Stephen Potter, inventor of the ploy and the world's leading expert on the situation of being one up, is the author of a series of books whose progenitor was Gamesmanship. *The latest in the series is* Three Upmanship *(both Holt, Rinehart & Winston).*

Low and Inside: Views from the Arena

THE LAST LOUD ROAR. By Bob Cousy and Edward Linn. Illustrated by Robert Riger. Prentice-Hall. 271 pp. $5.95.

OFF MY CHEST. By Jimmy Brown and Myron Cope. Doubleday & Co. 230 pp. $4.95.

BASEBALL HAS DONE IT. By Jackie Robinson. Edited by Charles Dexter. J. B. Lippincott Co. 216 pp. $2.95.

William Ward

Though college quarterbacks like Joe Namath of Alabama continue to sign professional contracts for more money than is paid the President of the United States, several of our finest professional athletes have written biographies which question the role of the 20th-century gladiator. Bob Cousy of the Boston Celtics writes about the termination of his seventeen years of professional and collegiate basketball:

Not that I'm so reluctant to have the career come to an end. I want it over. I'm so tired I can hardly breathe. Over the past two months, I have developed a nervous tic under my right eye.

Jimmy Brown of football fame, in his frank biography, attacks two forces which diminish the stature of athletes—the tyranny of coaches and the segregation of Negroes. About coach Paul Brown, he writes:

That was me. Paul Brown's big brute. . . . I carried the ball by instinct. Ring a bell and Pavlov's dog will salivate; hand a football to Jim Brown the beast and he will run with it.

Finally, Jackie Robinson, the Negro who single-handedly integrated professional baseball, is concerned with the dual role of the Negro in sports—on the field, accepted; off the field, maybe. Robinson has put together interviews with fifteen Negro players in the major leagues. One of them, Jim Gilliam, former infielder for the Dodgers, sounds the theme: "Yet, once you're outside baseball, it's watch your step, watch your step. . . ."

In the usual biography of a heroic sports figure, the athlete's principal obstacles are batting slumps, recurring injuries, or brilliant rookies who threaten to displace the star. Such complications are temporary; Super Star is always triumphant. When the Cousys and the Browns tell the rest of the story—well, the inflated bonuses paid to rookies for once seems to have some justification.

The athletic hero-victim who has appeared recently in fiction (John Updike's *Rabbit Run* and Jeremy Larner's *Drive, He Said*) seems to have spurred sports biographers toward the same naturalism. In *The Last Loud Roar*, for example, Bob Cousy narrates, step by step, the last game of his fourteen years of professional basketball. From a stream of consciousness, he recalls The Trip, The Wait, Pre-Game, The Game. The world championship is at stake. The final game is to be played at Los Angeles. Tension mounts, of course. And there the Frank Merriwell plot ends, the romance of sports evaporates. Cousy undergoes a traumatic experience. He hates the flight to Los Angeles. He secludes himself in a hotel room. While soaking in a hot bath, he goes through his customary routine of pre-playing the game in his mind, working up, systematically, a rage against that night's opponent. He recalls other games when he has worked himself into a near trance; of one such instance he writes:

William Ward, assistant professor of journalism at Syracuse University, was formerly on the news staff of the Minneapolis Tribune *and the San Bernardino (Calif.)* Sun-Telegram.

The Philosopher

Put the road where the forms live.
The sunflower turns with the morning sun;
The philosopher studies the calligraphy of bird tracks
Beside his bath.
The light defines his shadow, tangling his feet.
It is the ultimate weapon:
It triggers the migrations of the self,
That old nomad watering his camel among ruins,
The repeated rags.
The philosopher abstracts a summer
From the skywriting of butterflies,
But broods over diapers and kitchen pots,
A wife wearing a green idea in her hair,
Fear worrying into a fabric,
An airplane cracking the sky.
He rises from the tub and drinks his daily hemlock.

Stephen Stepanchev

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I locked myself in that hotel for the full day and a half and went into one of my trances. By the time I got out onto the floor I had worked myself into such a rage that, I swear, if Barnett (his opponent for the night) *had as much as said hello to me, I'd have burst into tears.*

By game time, Cousy is incommunicable, filled with hate for opponent and fear of failure.

Cousy's love for the game itself is equally obsessive:

I have the greatest reward of all. I control life on that court the way it is impossible to control life outside. I have my own little world, a lighted patch, 90 feet by 50 feet. I control the ball, I control my team and, to some extent, I control the movements of the opposition. I am the Big Daddy who hands out the rewards and inflicts the punishments. . . . When I do a good job I am rewarded by the applause from out of the darkness.

But he can face the fact that his universe is limited, that the role of the athlete is a superficial one in society:

I know that, relatively, the contribution any athlete or entertainer makes to our society is negligible, that one good teacher is worth the lot of us. . . . Nothing annoys me more than athletes and entertainers who, having been overpaid and overpraised and overpublicized, come to look upon themselves as having some special merit.

In the field of sports biography, *The Last Loud Roar* is admirably turned out, intensely objective, direct in style and structure. It is the second in a series, edited by sports columnist Red Smith, in which the best athlete in a sport combines with an outstanding writer and illustrator to tell the true story of that sport. The first volume, issued a year ago (*Run to Daylight* by Vince Lombardi, with W. C. Heinz and Robert Riger) should become a classic of sports literature. Next in the series: the story of hockey star Gordie Howe.

Jimmy Brown devotes the first part of his book to attacking the coaching tyranny of Paul Brown ("Little Caesar"), the Cleveland Browns's first coach, who directed them to several championships. Jimmy was considered largely responsible for the firing of Coach Brown in 1963. The episode is characteristic of Jimmy's life. Essentially a loner, a believer in self-reliance, he fought the Brown system of absolute subordination for several years. He won; the coach was vanquished; Jimmy Brown now says he feels free as a football player and enjoys the game as never before.

Brown is also highly critical of his collegiate days at Syracuse University where he was the only Negro on the football squad. "I had to prove that I was interested in touchdowns, not white girls," he writes with brutal directness. "There seemed to be an assumption that I had come to Syracuse for no other reason than to be foot-loose and fancy-free." But Brown didn't fit the stereotype of the casual Negro athlete. He relentlessly overcame all opposition to become All-American, just as later he was to overcome Paul Brown and any other obstacles which denigrated his stature as athlete and as human being.

Jackie Robinson's title, *Baseball Has Done It*, may be ironic. It suggests that in baseball Negro and white athletes have been successfully integrated. The content of the book (interviews with fifteen Negro athletes) indicates that integration too often ends at the exit from the ball park. The players outspokenly refer to four areas of discrimination:

(*1*) Negroes must endure segregation in Southern cities during spring training.

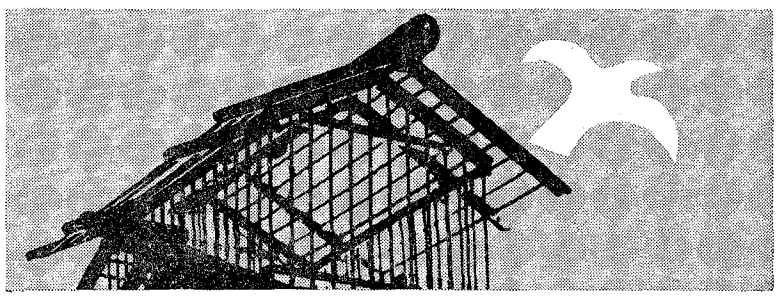
(2) When playing careers are finished, Negroes have little chance of becoming managers, coaches, baseball executives or scouts.

(3) Negroes don't get much of the vast loot from testimonials, endorsements and radio and television shows.

(*4*) They don't get paid as much —talent for talent—as white players.

The hypocrisy confuses many of the players. Baseball provides prestige and money. But it also heightens the players' awareness of segregation. As Bill White of the St. Louis Cardinals says: ". . . I would have lived my life in a small world in Ohio, without much discrimination, it's true, but for baseball. Sports in general enable Negroes to avoid many injustices and to enjoy privileges that most other Negroes do not have. . . . But we do not seem to be able to get what we should in added income from the outside."

Most of the interviews end in militancy. The players pledge themselves in most cases to active participation in the fight for equal rights. Con-



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vinced that Negro athletes must become involved in the movement, Robinson chastises Willie Mays and Maury Wills for not contributing to the book:

> *No doubt they did not wish to stir things up. But there's no escape, not even for Willie and Maury, from being a Negro, which is more than enough to stir things up when bigots are around. . . . Negro ball players should realize that their apparent security is an illusion. They should plan ahead, think of the money they can and must save. Those who believe they can keep their mouths shut will soon discover that neutrality is impossible today.*

Like Jimmy Brown, many of the players credit a part of their success to a compulsion to prove the bigots wrong in their judgments. It is a left-handed compliment, of course, but Bill White puts it plainly: "The more the fans gave it to me, the harder I hit the ball, so they eventually decided to leave me alone, which was a victory over bigotry."

The world presented in these three books is demanding, brutal and often dehumanized; it defeats most who live in it. The enduring athlete must be something more than a man and these books testify that his greatest victories and most ignoble defeats are never seen in the arena.

The Lamb in Lionskin

HAILE SELASSIE: The Conquering Lion. By Leonard Mosley. Prentice-Hall. 288 pp. $6.95.

Stanley Meisler

No other despot in the world has the romance and regality of His Imperial Majesty, Haile Selassie I, Conquering Lion of Judah, Elect of God, King of Kings and Emperor of Ethiopia. This bronzed, slight, 72-year-old man, with curled gray hair and crinkled brow, has survived a lifetime of struggle: emerging as Emperor in an era of brutal court intrigue; defending his land against the mustard gas and bombers of the Fascists; trying to modernize his medieval empire without revolution. A legend has been fashioned that describes him as an absolute yet incorruptible monarch, ruling with benevolence, not fear alone. Leonard Mosley's book adds weight — in many ways, convincing weight — to the legend. Mosley is a British newsman and novelist who has spent much time in the Middle East and East Africa. His tone is respectful, admiring but not fawning. Mosley long ago made a hero of the little man who appealed in vain to the conscience of the League of Nations. But this does not blind him to the blemishes in the portrait.

Ethiopia in the first third of the century was a barbaric land racked by chaos and demented rule. Autocrats ruled by plunder, rape and mutilation. As Mosley details the twists of the intrigues for power, two factors seem to account for Haile Selassie's triumph over all the other contenders for the crown. First, he had an inner strength, a ruthless drive, an efficiency, a sense of reform that Ethiopia needed at the time — all cloaked in a deceivingly mild manner. The young Haile Selassie was no paragon of reform and resolution. He seemed so only by comparison with those around him. As a young provincial governor, he taxed his peasants 50 per cent of their crop, while other governors took 90 per cent. As Regent to the Empress Zauditu, he seemed paralyzed by patience, ever willing to bide his time and do nothing about the corruption which surrounded him. The British minister wrote of him in 1917: "His apparent inability to take any firm decision in the face of difficulties . . . make[s] one almost despair of any amelioration of the state of the country."

Second, Haile Selassie fought to power by winning the allegiance of the clergy in the Ethiopian Orthodox Church and of the *rases* (the landowning dukes). Both the clergy and the *rases* evidently had suspicions about his tendencies toward reform. But he never defied these two privileged classes, and he used them in the *coup d'état* that deposed Emperor Lij Yasu in 1916, and eventually led to his own coronation as Emperor in 1930, at the age of 37.

Mosley believes that the new Emperor needed ten years to reform his country and prepare it for development. In the first years of the reign, he raised the status of the people from chattels of the *rases* to subjects of the state, enacted a written though feeble constitution, and weakened the power of the *rases* by sending administrators into the provinces to advise them and collect taxes. Mosley describes these as first steps from feudalism to paternalism. Haile Selassie took no more steps that decade. Mussolini saw to that.

Stanley Meisler is a frequent Nation *contributor.*

There She Goes

"And the earth will slip from under one
and one shall fall with one's eyes on heaven."
—Pascal

There she goes, falling
to the soft light that reddens hills and walls,
all sides that shelter.
Even the four dark sparrows on her roof's
peak shift the sky
rosy among them, push off into it
like larger cinders.

She listens for the music
she has lost, rolls over warmer air,
flapping her skin past
windows wide to heaven. Never looks down
to see the earth turned
skyward, wrinkled, staggering with fire,
to find familiar trees

some branch to hide in
and the leaves still cool above the burning
where she touched and gave.
Not there, but up, up through the glittering
algae of the night, up
with the other believers. Never discovers
the available rocks.

Shirley Kaufman

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Mosley is at his best describing the Italian invasion. The account is controlled, though some of his bitterness cuts through, particularly when he discusses the actions of his own government. The British talked loudly about resisting aggression and then instituted an arms embargo that weakened Ethiopia and failed to touch Italy at all. The British did not even support Haile Selassie's request that the League of Nations send observers to the Ethiopia-Eritrea border to fix responsibility for aggression. Mosley describes the Stanley Baldwin cabinet, cowed by Mussolini, as "a government of craven and rather stupid men of few principles and little vision."

The invasion began on October 2, 1935. Two months later, Mussolini, displeased with the slow pace of the war, replaced his field commander. The new commander, Marshal Pietro Badoglio, began bombing towns and hospitals, sometimes with explosives, sometimes with mustard gas. "In historical fact," Mosley writes, "these malevolent tactics had rather less to do with the outcome of the Italo-Ethiopian War than the Ethiopians' desperate lack of arms with which to fight back, plus sheer ignorance of how to wage a modern war." Nor were the Ethiopians helped by the tactics of their Emperor as supreme commander. "I am no soldier," he said. The war proved it.

Early in the war, Haile Selassie replaced an old soldier, Ras Mulugeta, as commander of his northern armies, the force that had to stop the Italians. Mosley says Ras Mulugeta had "prodigious valor and capacity for leadership," while his successor, Ras Kassa, was "totally ignorant of the arts of war." Haile Selassie chose Kassa "for dynastic reasons. Kassa was a senior statesman of royal blood, and therefore he must lead." The Emperor repeated the error late in the war when he ordered a final charge against the Italians and put three inept senior *rases* at the head of the columns.

The final charge itself may have been a strategic error. Some military writers say it lost the war. In their view, the Emperor should have moved back and allowed the mud of the rainy season to bog down the Italian troops so far from their supply depots. But Mosley writes that the Emperor knew he had no chance of winning the war. "All he knew," Mosley says, "was that as an Emperor he must do what was expected of an Emperor by the Ethiopian people. . . . There must be one last full-scale attack upon the enemy." The attack began at dawn. By nightfall the Ethiopian army rushed back in panic. No soldier knew his place. No one would obey an order. A nightmarish retreat began, the soldiers pillaging and murdering their own people in the rush south to Addis Ababa. "The men were either mad or drunk and fired their rifles repeatedly into the air," Mosley writes. "The wounded and the gassed suppurated and coughed; the Azebu Gallas [enemy tribesmen] stalked them like jackals."

The defeated Emperor and his family took a special train on the French railroad that runs from Addis Ababa to Djibouti in French Somalia. Weary and pathetic, he boarded a British cruiser in Djibouti and sailed into exile. After he left, the Ethiopian soldiers in Addis Ababa panicked into fury, stormed and plundered the palace, killed the royal lions, looted European shops, murdered Europeans. On May 5, 1936, the Italian troops entered Addis Ababa. "We come to restore order," said Marshal Badoglio.

On June 30, the Emperor, a little stooped and tired, contemptuous of the curses from hysterical Italian journalists in the hall, addressed the League of Nations in Geneva. In Amharic, he told the delegates, "it is international morality that is at stake." The drama touched all those struggling against fascism. But it did not matter much to Ethiopia. The war was over. The League lifted its sanctions against Italy. One by one, every nation except the United States, Russia, Mexico and New Zealand recognized the Italian regime in Ethiopia.

Mosley tends to lose interest in events after he describes the British defeat of the Italians in East Africa, Haile Selassie's return to Ethiopia and the end of World War II. All the excitement of the last two decades, including the abortive *coup d'état* of 1960, are treated in an epilogue of 8 pages. Perhaps Mosley shows discretion in skimming through these years. Addis Ababa still is a city of intrigues and rumors — people whisper tales of new attempted coups and military shakeups every day — and Mosley may have decided that he could not sift fact from fantasy without the perspective of time or the help of still-secret documentary evidence. Nevertheless, this is unfortunate. Selassie's attempt at modernization without provoking revolution is the touchstone of his rule. It may determine whether a future Ethiopia will revere him as its redeemer or curse him as a reactionary tyrant.

Selassie has expanded the Ethiopian educational system to produce the intellectual manpower that a modern society demands. He has invited the Organization of African Unity to make its headquarters in Addis Ababa, drawing in all the more radical thought of those who govern the rest of the continent. He has accepted huge grants of assistance from the United States and other countries to train and equip his armed forces with modern materiel and modern thought. At the same time, he has only toyed with the power of the *rases* and the clergy. His modernization has given the young elite hope, but not power. Many find their way blocked in the ministries by traditionalists with ties to the feudal lords. In addition, education has driven home to the young the fact that Ethiopia can never emerge into the modern world until it breaks the shackles of feudalism. That is why the university students marched through Addis Ababa recently de-

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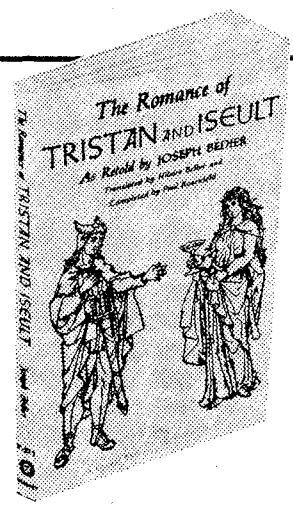

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manding reform of the feudal land system. "Land to the tiller," they cried. Yet the Emperor, while sympathetic to these demands, so far has failed to smash the feudal powers of the *rases* and the clergy.

Mosley understands Haile Selassie's dilemma. "He has lost the admiration of the young elite by the sluggishness of his reforms and his insistence on feudal privileges," he writes, "but he stands to lose his throne the moment he improves conditions too radically." Perhaps no modernization, no break with feudalism can ever come to Ethiopia with a man so beholden to feudalism at the helm. Haile Selassie may be esteemed not as the Emperor who led Ethiopia out of the Dark Ages but as the enlightened monarch who paved the way for revolution. If Mosley doesn't explore this enough, he does give us the history we need in order to understand the tensions which characterize Ethiopia today.

The Turk Who Turned West

ATATURK. By Lord Kinross. William Morrow & Co. 615 pp. $7.50.

Desmond Stewart

Addicts of "the great man" theory of history have had a rough time since the thirties, their heyday. Such Shavian heroes as Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin have all been devalued, as much for the inefficiency of dictators as for their ruthlessness. Lord Acton's dictum on power has become a commonplace. Atatürk, who used his power to impose democracy, including eventually a constitutional opposition, is perhaps the one exception. Unlike most dead dictators, Atatürk has retained the admiration of his own countrymen. From one end of Anatolia to another, in smart Ankara hotels, in flyblown Kurdish cafés, the stern, slightly foxy gaze of the Father of the Turks stares from above white tie and dinner jacket. In public squares, his effigy in bronze uniform keeps an eye on a country which he stopped ruling twenty-seven years ago. The factions that divide modern Turkey unite in claiming to follow his path.

Lord Kinross has spent four years compiling Atatürk's story. He traces it with a minimum of fuss from 1881, when his hero was born in Ottoman Salonika, to November, 1938, when he died of cirrhosis of the liver in the Dolmabahce Palace overlooking the Bosphorus. Atatürk's interior life is untraceable, and may be conjectured as limited. Lord Kinross describes him as a man without love, a man to whom women meant little save as a source of distraction, an outlet for his appetites and a stimulus for his masculine vanity. Asked once what qualities he admired most in women, he replied: "Availability." But Atatürk's story is a gripping one; it won my sympathy, not through the personal attractions of the man but through the grandeur of Turkey's step-by-step recovery from the disaster which had capped decay. Many of Lord Kinross' sources are inevitably gray and white rather than echtachrome, but he has wisely quoted from the memoirs of Halidé Edib, published in English in 1926, and long out of print, to bring alive his hero and the time of struggle.

Lord Kinross answers one question which had always puzzled me, or at least he offers a very plausible explanation. Where did this energetic late-Ottoman Turk receive his vision of Western glitter which he burned to bring to his own people? The improbable answer is Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria. King Ferdinand's newly enlarged Balkan state, in a nationalist delirium, had substituted wide Parisian boulevards for the Oriental lanes of the old city; there was even an opera. On an intellectual level, much of Atatürk's inspiration came from Corinne Lütfü, an Italian woman married to a Turk. She lent him French novels.

Two, more important, puzzles remain. What were the motives of such a man, a man without love, without religion, without an ideology? His admirers, of course, assume that love of country was his inspiration. The Nietzschean analysis, which I prefer, would be the projection of love of self, of the will to power, onto the image of his beloved Turkey. Halidé Edib is quoted for a revealing description of an argument with Atatürk. "When crossed," she records, "the great man became brutally clear and frank. 'What I mean is this,' he said, 'I want everyone to do as I wish and command.'" The second puzzle, not within the scope of a book which concludes with the hero's death, concerns the final assessment of Atatürk. Did his success conceal a failure? His assault on the Muslim Caliphate does not disturb Westerners because Islam is not, of course, their religion. But Islam had been the taproot of Turkey's history, the source of its glories, as well as some of its defeats. The Ottomans created their fresh young empire (we forget that it once was fresh, until we visit Bursa) fighting for the faith with an unmatched devotion. Now the Turks are told to exalt themselves, their nation, but to devalue the cause for which this nation made itself great. Atatürk himself had demoniac integrity, but with the Turks, as a people, there is a spiritual schism which even the most casual visitor must notice. While the mass of peasants stay loyal to an old-fashioned form of their religion, the elite which rules modern Turkey look ill at ease in their Western suits.

For the country as a whole, Atatürk's formula of republicanism, national self-admiration and state planning has solved few problems. The majority of Turkey's peasants remain illiterate. The national economy is stagnant. And even the democratic system has had the major setback of the 1960 revolution, when a junta of army officers set themselves up as a supreme court and deposed, then executed, the Prime Minister. Once a much-boosted advertisement for pro-Western democracy in the Middle East, the Turkey of 1965 faces several crises which may erode what is left of Atatürk's legacy. The Cyprus problem has embittered Turkish feelings against her Western allies. The growth of the Justice Party — the heirs of the deposed and executed Adnan Menderes — makes possible another army coup in the foreseeable future.

The only encouraging constants are the tough, resilient Turks themselves, and the landscape, beautiful and potentially rich with mineral and agricultural resources. But for the people the experience of Atatürk, as it recedes, may seem less and less significant. A careful pondering of Lord Kinross' biography suggests that, in the last analysis, Lord Acton's net may have caught this splendid fish too.

Desmond Stewart is a British journalist recently returned from Egypt. He is the author of Turmoil in Beirut, *and a novel,* The Men of Friday.

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Max Kozloff

THE VARIABLES OF ENERGY

Even with eyes wide open, and exposed to a deluge of widely disparate, mutually contradictory, or overlapping styles, we are inclined to view the last eight years of American abstract art as a far more tidy situation than it is. In the column before last, I tried to indicate the interesting messiness involved in the transition from "gesture" or biomorphism to a predominant colorism in the work of Helen Frankenthaler and Jules Olitski. Theirs was a problem of infusing energy into pulsating chromatic façades, while altering the importance, if not relinquishing the irregularities, of a dyed-in, substanceless paint handling. This question of energy would not be vital, or even conceivable, had not Abstract Expressionism catalyzed an expressively heightened pictorial language, whose influence has been both overbearing and unavoidable. Despite its involvement with commercial icons, pop art, for instance, has been moving perceptibly toward abstraction, while maintaining that special kinesthetic, if not emotional, aggressiveness that characterized New York art in the forties and early fifties. And much of the now prevalent retinal art can be viewed as another segment of the dialogue with Abstract Expressionism, substituting vibrating optical afterimages for muscular activations in paint, and yet affirming in another way the common purpose of reducing the aesthetic distance between the work of art and the spectator. The procedures for stripping, repackaging and re-evaluating energy — often enough raw sensory energy — are multiplying seemingly without limit. Underneath the most conflicting idioms, they are what American art is about at the present time.

Among these procedures, one that is being painfully explored, but has so far been relatively neglected by criticism, was on display last month. Entitled "Concrete Expressionism," and exhibited at the Loeb Student Center of New York University at Washington Square, a show of three sculptors and two painters elicits very mixed feelings. Its organizer, the critic Irving Sandler, suggests a number of provocative theses all at once. Actually, the proposal that there is a stylistic relationship between the stocky, clumsy curved forms and rectangles, or between the difficult cantilevers and heavy diagonals, in the paintings of Knox Martin and Al Held, on one hand, and the sculptures of David Weinrib, Ronald Bladen and George Sugarman, on the other, is quite reasonable. Their red-necked attitudes, tasteless and dissonant color, and above all, their cornball, signboard imagery and scale, have much to do with one another. But it is more difficult to accept the notion that the tendency they represent shows an affinity with van Doesburg's *art concret* of the thirties, however much they may owe in other respects, to Léger, Davis and Calder. Rather, if one wants to talk about a sensibility like the *Neue Sachlichkeit* in Germany during the twenties, perhaps then a parallel might be drawn with this current American work, for both have reacted against the looseness of a previous Expressionist attack, pitilessly tightening and parsing its form — while holding onto the emotional bases of that attack.

In this sense, the Loeb Center show was unregenerate and reformist simultaneously. Sugarman and Weinrib dissociate the relations and yet condense the tension of the "action" vocabulary; their environmental calligrams, executed in carved, laminated wood, or bent colored plastics and metal, are quite recognizably gestural. The components of the Abstract Expressionist style have been broken down and reassembled with all the grace of a slow-witted child using building blocks. Martin and Held, for their part, frequently slide some monolithic mass against and off a perimeter, and are so concerned with a ponderous imbalance, that the result is sometimes unbearable. They are neither committed (nor do they have to be) to ambiguity, nor are they motivated by purification — such matters as reducing the figure-ground relationship to an "essential" statement or affirming the flatness of the surface. Bladen's wooden slabs and posts and Held's emblems ("Genesis") are deliberately overblown: figments of a belligerent nostalgia, desperately striving to achieve coherence within an increasingly choked-up rationale. There is, for instance, no justifiable relationship between a repressed, yet heavily plastered, impasto, symptomatic of anxious indecision, and the simplistic images riding on top of the pictorial surface. Worse still, one is put very much on guard about the unever judgment of these artists. Martin has taken to articulating Gargantuan birds' heads in canvases whose visual orientation was much less restricted in the show before his last; and Bladen has seen fit to paint one of his pieces an obnoxious glossy white enamel, thus obliterating the powerful and elemental impression it gave when still bare wood in the studio. It is saddening to note deficiencies in the brutal, but unresolved work of artists who are obviously endowed with much talent. Perhaps the only way out is indicated by Weinrib and Sugarman, certainly the most complex and spatially intricate members

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of the Concrete Expressionism show, who transcend its major dilemma with a raucous detachment.

Another artist shown last month, Nicholas Krushenick (Fischbach), occupies a point midway between "Concrete Expressionism" and pop art. The senses have some trouble accommodating themselves to his clangorous primaries — channeled into curving strips by heavy black lines — that mesh grindingly together, or swirl about in magnified vortexes. But the mind quickly grasps the importance of an idiom that combines the illustrational techniques of the coarser comic books (similar to Roy Lichtenstein's) and the chevroned, maximum flat saturations of contemporary abstraction. Depending on how you look at it, Krushenick is either the only abstract painter to reinvoke drawing, and a bravely ludicrous drawing at that, or the only pop artist to have surrendered the literal identity of his motifs. This is a real ambiguity of conception, but so consistently developed, that Krushenick's statement appears as inevitable as it is implausible: the complete hybrid. The spine-tingling aberrations which result resemble innards or vertebrae, or man-eating flowers rather unfortunately sucking the spectator forward and closing upon him, that have been incarnated in posteresque vermilion, yellow, blue and pink.

Unfortunately, the excellence of his means has not yet equaled the interest of his idea. As Picasso is quoted as saying of the work of Léger (to whom Krushenick is clearly paying homage):

It's open and frank, but it doesn't go beyond what it shows you at first glance. The harmony of two colors in a painting by Matisse or one by Braque covers an infinite distance, full of nuances. Léger puts down his colors in the required amounts and they all have the same degree of radiation. In Matisse's work the vibrations set up by a certain mauve and a certain green create a third color. That's painting. When Matisse draws a line on a piece of white paper, he draws so perceptively, it doesn't remain just that; it becomes something more. There's always a kind of metamorphosis of each part that creates the whole. If Léger draws a line, it does remain just that — a line on white paper.

By way of extension, I would say that sheer ornery brightness, and bald linear insistence, in the present case, do not enhance energy, but rather keep it down and strangle it in a static, readily exhausted network.

A painter who has consistently escaped these limits as well as any direct influence of Abstract Expressionism — although having to pay a certain aesthetic price to go his own way — is Ellsworth Kelly (Janis). Well known and very experienced, Kelly has been most successful in his manipulation of dry, brilliant, absolutely uniform contrasts of two or three colors per canvas, contained by irregular rhomboids or parabolas that lay distinct stress on perimeters which they transgress with a kind of leviathan impunity. The equivocations of figure and ground (the one substituting for the other), the electric shocks given by razor-sharp meetings of an orange against blue, the surprising value patterns, and "impossible" cleanliness of his paint handling, are virtues that have been more or less justly applauded. In addition, Kelly's work can purvey a certain nervy grandeur, as in his "Curved Red on Blue," where a giant question mark arches slowly but clinically down its field, causing hairbreadth tangents asymmetrically on left and right edges.

But two things have generally disturbed me about this painter. One is the curious lack of individuation in forms that can just as easily be derived from Arp as from Albers. Considering how they might be employed in pressuring a margin or overloading a center, these forms lack the identity (as distinct from signature value) they could have as Kelly's own inventions. Their very clarity underlines their eclectic origin. And as a result, the organic relation of form and color is not as decisive as it could be. The other problem concerns an opacity of the paint skin so impermeable to the gaze (a quality emphasized by the immensity of his areas) that one's eye is styled by façades that ward off contemplation. It is impossible to get "around" or "under" the picture matter, and this de-fuses, or at least overstabilizes the visual experience. Only once, and then, I think, very memorably, has Kelly surmounted these restrictions in this last show. His "Red Blue Green Yellow" juxtaposes a thin-bordered green canvas against the wall, with a yellow one meeting it perpendicularly on the floor. The induced, but also illusory reflections, and the wildness of the idea contrasting with the artist's finical control, are strangely beguiling and durable. Somehow a diagonal chromatic interaction seems to inhabit the air between the two canvases.

From this short-term view of a few scattered shows, it appears that the variables of energy are as hard as ever to put into viable operation. We know that intransigence does not by itself equal vitality, nor does the overtly tactile yield an always precious aesthetic traction. Conversely, even the most impersonal processing may give off, or be the vehicle for, a new excitation of elements — but only when those elements are geared together in a totally re-created framework. It is a token of its fragmentation, but also its ambition, that American painting today emits a stinging color and grows to elephantine proportions — which may either assist it to scale unprecedented heights or cause it to fall flat on its face.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE AMEN CORNER

James Baldwin's *The Amen Corner* (Ethel Barrymore Theatre) provides one of the very few evenings which afforded me true pleasure this season. And how surprising. For if I wished to be "real critical" (which means a little foolish) I could easily point out the play's crudities, banalities, *longueurs*, etc. Text and production are marred by many blemishes but the total effect is touching and valuable. Drama does not live by technique alone, nor is art all a matter of "mastery."

What makes *The Amen Corner* gratifying is its genuineness. I don't mean "realism." The play's locale is a "store-front church"—the kind of Harlem church which has no exact denomination or theology except for its own blasted blessedness; and I am not in the least familiar with such an establishment. The sense of genuineness the play creates comes from its sure feeling for race, place and universality of sentiment. It is folk material unadorned and undoctored. It is the stuff which has made the best

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in Baldwin. It has heart and reaches the heart.

Its crucial passages are beautifully written, wrought of living speech from the mouths of the people whose very clichés somehow transform themselves into poetry. A woman is described as being "full of nature." A man dies and his wife says without emphasis, "My baby. You done joined hands with the darkness." But quotations out of context offer only the barest hint of the sudden poignancy of some of the play's phrases and idioms which are uttered as commonplaces.

The weakest moments are the conventionally comic and the factually "satiric" ones. The play is not "propaganda": it does not insist that religiosity turns the sorry creatures of the community away from reality. There is no glib anti-clericalism here. "This way of holiness ain't no joke," says the unhappy and presumably bigoted woman minister who is the play's central character. "To love the Lord," she learns, "is to love all His children—all of them, everyone! and suffer with them and rejoice with them and never count the cost!" One believes this as one believes a spiritual. In a much simpler, a less probing way, Baldwin has used the material of his past somewhat as O'Neill used his own early youth in *Long Day's Journey Into Night.*

The Amen Corner was written before *Blues for Mr. Charlie*, which is Baldwin in an angrier, more sophisticated, less appealing but perhaps more immediately "useful" vein. But nothing in the later play is as moving as the confrontation of the derelict father and his neglected son, or the minister's "reconversion" (a reconversion to a profounder humanity) in *The Amen Corner.*

It is possible that a great part of my enthusiasm for this production is due to its acting. The play is not well staged or designed. Some of the actors are awkward, insufficiently trained. Yet nearly everything "works" because there is an organic relation between the play's essence and the company. There is little art but much "nature."

Still, Frank Silvera's Luke (the father: a moribund jazz trombonist) strikes home. He may be a trifle soft in his interpretation but there is in him a will to contact the very core of his partners' (his son's, his wife's) being which overrides every other consideration and which moves one inescapably.

Bea Richards' Sister Margaret (the minister) is glorious. Hers is certainly the outstanding achievement in acting of this past season. Again, qualifications which might be damaging in other instances—a rather thin voice and a delivery that threatens to become monotonous, an interpretation that tends to subtract some of the iron and soul-smashing drive of the character—dissolve in the truth of Miss Richards' pathos, the overwhelming fullness of her womanliness in which the sorrow of bitter experience and the abiding humor and tenderness of a total cycle of life manifest themselves effortlessly and yet with electrifying surprise.

After the first week, prices at *The Amen Corner* were lowered from a $6.90 top to maximums of $5.75 on Friday and Saturday evenings, $4.80 on Monday through Thursday and Saturday matinee, and $4 on Wednesday matinee. These are bargain prices for Broadway in 1965 and it will be good news for us all if they bring the play an audience. Show business wiseacres keep repeating that if a play is good, people will pay any price to see it. That is just not so, and the only reason that this truism is rarely contradicted is that our show folks' vision and knowledge of the world is circumscribed by the one street which is their preserve.

Mr. Clurman is in California to conduct a three-week theatre seminar at the University of California at Davis, after which he is to direct an O'Neill play (under State Department auspices) in Tokyo.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE PAWNBROKER
NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE

The thesis of *The Pawnbroker*, made from Edward Wallant's novel, is that the protagonist has suffered so unspeakably at the hands of the Nazis that he has lost all capacity for feeling and must endure the physical and psychological agonies of a rebirth to become once more a human being. It is an arresting theme, but as directed by Sidney Lumet and played by Rod Steiger, there doesn't seem to be a word of truth in it.

From the first scene in the garden of his Queens split-level to the final shot of his hunched shoulders swaying into the Harlem night, Steiger's pawnbroker is a hulk of palpitating feeling—principally a feeling of self-pity. It is true that he avoids any proffered contact, but not because he

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JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

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is numb—on the contrary, because his nerve ends are sprouting from his skin. And despite all efforts at nonparticipation, he is provoked into at least three outbursts of ungoverned passion in two days, which puts his emotional activity considerably above the national average. The assumption of indifference is not only a pose, it is a perfectly transparent one, and the picture had not been running ten minutes before I decided that Mr. Steiger was playing a man in the grip of a nervous breakdown.

Given his background and given the fact that he is working for a Harlem gangster—a kind of Negro Nazi, as their one encounter in the film makes clear—the breakdown is understandable, but dramatically it is more violent than interesting. Like a good deal of television theatre, the situation is a psychological machine, and the raw passion is faintly synthetic. The script is put together like one of those multipurpose cold capsules—each character designed to work on your system in a different way; they appear carrying almost visible tags; disgust, sympathy, humor, pity, horror, fear, sex. And in his countless close-ups, I felt Steiger's suffering eyes observing whether I had yet broken into a good healthy sweat.

There is no doubt that methods of the TV commercial are seeping directly into mass entertainment. You can see it here in the painstaking trickery with which Steiger changes personality as he crosses the threshold of the pawnshop. Why a man allegedly dead to feeling should take so much interest in his appearance I do not know, but instant transformation is the first law of TV advertising. You can hear commercials in the dialogue, which is not an exchange between characters, but a series of messages to the audience. I have never listened to dramatic speech that advanced the story more expeditiously or made less sense as far as the characters themselves are concerned.

And I was carried off into the bucolic world of cigarette advertising by the flash-back idyll (projected in slow motion to emphasize its unearthly loveliness) that sets the stage for the coming misery. A large, prosperous and blissfully carefree German-Jewish family is picnicking along the bank of a sunny stream, when suddenly there is a sound of motorcycle engines, S.S. troops bearing submachine guns vault the wall, and the family is swept off to the Belsen cattle cars. The Jews of Germany were not much given to conspicuous country revels at the time when Hitler's exterminator packs were roaming the country, and the trite sentimentality of the scene seems a heartless parody of what they suffered. It is not conceived out of conviction or artistic necessity; it is a pitch to the customer. And that, I'm afraid, sums up the picture.

The Canadian *Nobody Waved Goodbye* is an instructional film, an imagined case history of affluent juvenile delinquency that distills, I would guess, a considerable mass of documentation. The teen-age principals, Peter Kastner and Julie Biggs, are utterly convincing and achieve performances of heartbreaking candor. The director, Don Owen, has clearly allowed them to ad-lib both speech and action within the structure of the essentially simple plot. The method must require great patience and tact, but it achieves an openness, a tenderness and innocence, with subject matter of a kind that often turns self-conscious under conventional direction.

The film's problem is that it must condense the history of its couple into approximately two hours, and it cannot manage the imaginative jump from its case files to true fiction. Therefore, what happens to the boy and girl is so speeded up, the blows they receive from uncomprehending elders are so crudely direct and their reactions are so psychologically pat, that for all their beautiful authenticity you never quite forget that they are demonstrating a crisis in contemporary society rather than running the course of their own fates. But whatever taste and talent and honest concern can do to make art out of sociology has been done in this unpretentious film.

It seems evident, by the way, that the people responsible for the picture believe they are describing a malady that has invaded their country from the South, and I suppose that adults all over the world today feel that their children are catching "the American disease." It is not quite fair—we are not the only country that cannot supply its youth with a motive for growing up, and it is significant that this picture offers no Canadian cure for the Yankee illness it so eloquently diagnoses. But it does seem to be true that the United States sets the dungaree style for an international generation that is dropping out.

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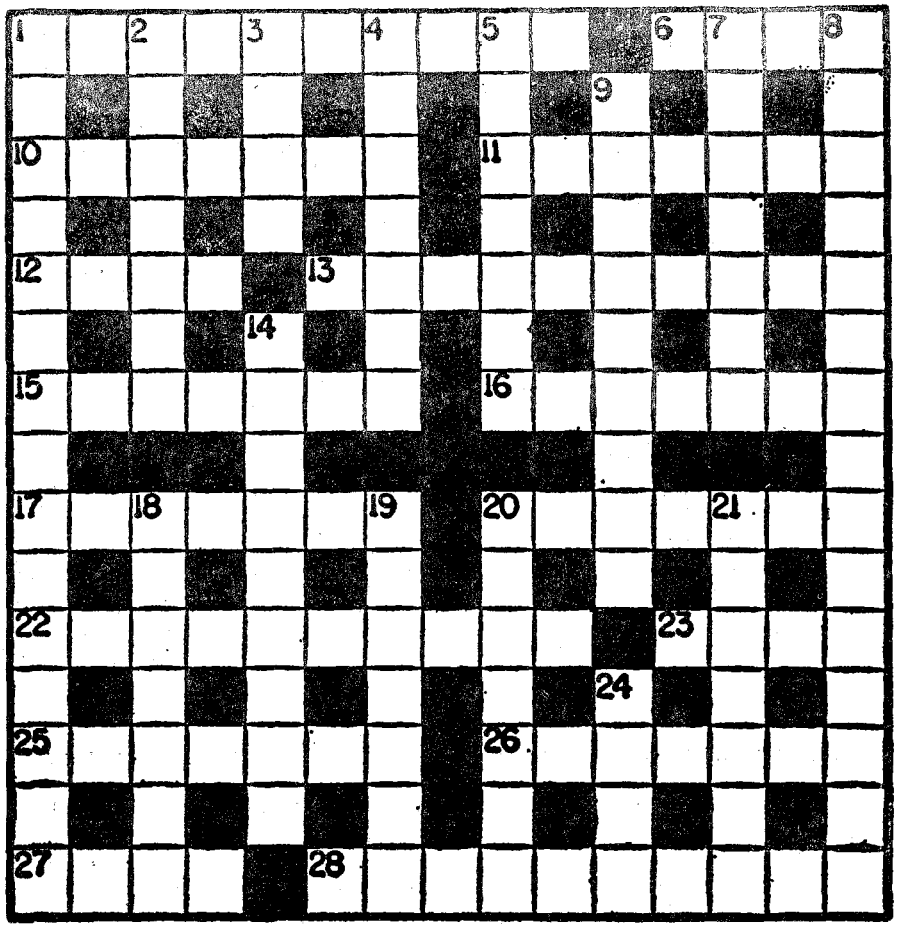
Crossword Puzzle No. 1105

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The fruit of rage, having things that might stick about. (10)
6 Not the complete role, obviously.
10 Thrust out. (7)
11 To sound like Tom almost, and overlook the field. (7)
12 Soaks up things without the sailors, but they're still round. (4)
13 A prodigal son, having social engagements around the interior of Mississippi. (10)
15 You might find me coming back to a small point in the sex problem, which frees me from responsibilities. (7)
16 No men allowed in this side of the house. (7)
17 Burnt up, or burn up? (7)
20 This calls for a peaceful smoke.
22 What a Frenchman should remember, if looking for his nibs. (3-2-5)
23 Barely best border? (4)
25 Suitable for evening clothes? (7)
26 Reputedly a plain phenomenon of Spain, though it's a sound ruling.
27 Faked part of the song cycle. (4)
28 Spy hat tilted, and cut in the middle? One certainly isn't normal.

DOWN:

1 Not necessarily the operatic beatnik type. (3,8, 4)
2 Impotent without a chart of the stand-out type. (7)
3 Birds bemused, but not where one sleeps. (7)
4 Is nicer, perhaps, with speeches that go with 20 across. (7)
5 Showed up the difficulty of mixing sex and dope? (7)
7 A little song begins and ends with another song. (7)
8 An exceptionally powerful barge? (5, 2, 8)
9 Poppers, in a questionable way?
14 This might make the catchy part of a parlor verse. (9)
18 Don't go around the vessel and look for fruit here! (7)
19 Joins in making battered utensils without you, by the sound of it.
20 Material with the mechanical part taking most of the construction element. (7)
21 It resembles sherry formed by an officer of David. (7)
24 It all comes back to a foreign chief.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1104

ACROSS: 1 Lightship; 9, 6 across, 25, 17 and 28 Marry in haste and repent at leisure; 10 Chilled; 12 Tamper; 13 Tags; 15 Business; 16 Forego; 18 Neighs; 20 Test case; 23 Room; 29 Tankard; 30 and 24 Sight unseen; 31 Title page. DOWN: 1 Lamed; 2 Garages; 3 and 11 Try it on the dog; 4 Hindmost; 5 Packet; 6 Hail; 7 Salvage; 8 Eddystone; 14 Continence; 15 Bankrolls; 19 Ironing; 21 Alabama; 22 Insert; 26 Dodge; 27 Just.

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